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## Daily Mirror

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MINIATURES.

See Page 2.

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## TO-NIGHT'S PLAY.



Mrs. Brown-Potter, as she will appear in one of her "emotional" gowns when opening her season with "The Golden Light" at the Savoy this evening. Mr. James Brown-Potter, her ex-husband, was to have been married yesterday in America.



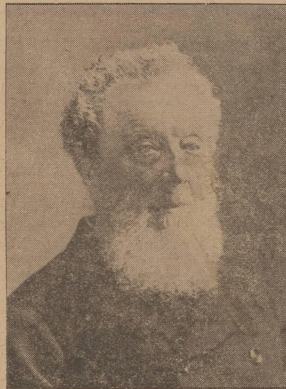
Miss Mabel Beardsley, who will play Rose Sneed in "The Golden Light" at the Savoy Theatre this evening.

## JOCKEY CLUB STAKES.



Henry the First, one of the favourites for today's big race—the Jockey Club Stakes of £10,000.

## EMINENT LAWYER DEAD.



Sir Augustus Keppel Stephenson, who has just died in his seventy-seventh year. He was late Recorder of Bedford, and formerly Director of Public Prosecutions.—(Elliott and Fry.)

## KING IN SCOTLAND.



His Majesty in Highland costume in the grounds of Balmoral Castle.

## DEATH OF A BISHOP.



The Bishop of St. Helena, who has just passed away.—(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

## ISLE OF THANET ELECTION.



The first photograph is Mr. Marks, the Unionist candidate for the Isle of Thanet election; the second picture shows the Liberal candidate's headquarters at Ramsgate. The house formerly was occupied by a confectioner named Botton, and some of the local wags have converted the letter B into an R, so that it now reads "Rotten Free Trade Union."



Tariff Reform League office, headquarters of the Unionists, showing some of the pictorial posters which are playing an important part in the election.



## THE LATEST CRAZE.



The very latest fad may soon be seen in London. It takes the form of embroidered umbrellas and sunshades. The lady in the above picture is seen working a bird in coloured silks on a sunshade.







## EIGHT DAYS' ATTACK.

7,000 Japanese Reported  
Fallen at Port Arthur.

### DEFIANT GARRISON.

Stoessel Says He Can Hold Out  
Six Months.

Admiral Alexeieff admits that the situation at Port Arthur is "serious, but by no means desperate."

His other statements, however, that ammunition is scarce and the garrison is reduced to 12,000 men indicate that he is putting the best face on the matter and preparing the Russian people for news of the fall of the fortress, which is now momentarily expected.

For eight days and nights the attackers and defenders have waged furious war upon each other, and with guns worn out, ammunition running short, and the garrison reduced to a handful, compared with the hosts of the besiegers, it is well-nigh impossible for the heroic Russians to much longer maintain their splendid defence.

Skirmishes along the Russian front are reported by General Kuropatkin, in which the Japanese have lost slightly at the hands of the Cossacks. Otherwise there is no development in the main situation near Mukden.

### ALEXEIEFF'S MESSAGE.

Garrison Reduced to Twelve Thousand  
Men.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The "Echo de Paris" has received the following from St. Petersburg:—

"Admiral Alexeieff telegraphs to the Tsar confirming the capture of Port P, which, he says, is not of prime importance, and also confirming the report that the garrison of Port Arthur sustained considerable losses on the 24th and 25th inst. whilst performing a counter attack.

"The Admiral declares it is untrue that the town is in want of water. There are several springs, of which only one or two are in the hands of the Japanese.

"The number of the garrison is at present computed at 12,000 able-bodied men.

"The situation is serious, but by no means desperate. Provisions are abundant, but ammunition not so plentiful. The Canet siege guns are worn out and difficult to work."—Reuter.

### APPALLING LOSSES.

Land Mines Destroy Hundreds of  
Besiegers.

CHITU, Wednesday.—Local Russians state that the Japanese losses during the last assault on Port Arthur amounted to 7,000 killed and wounded. A Chinaman says that the Russian losses were between 500 and 600.

The Japanese were unable to remain in the three forts which they captured. They retired, after enduring days of tremendous firing from the inner forts.

In the attack on the forts between Itshan and Antsushan, the Russians had undermined the ground, and several hundred Japanese were blown up.

Reports from the Miao-tao Islands mention that a terrific explosion occurred in the 23rd, and shook the houses.

The Russian ships took no part in the last engagement.

Thirty to fifty shells are falling daily into the Chinese quarter at the New Town. One shell tore the rudder from a destroyer. —Reuter's Special Service.

### DEFENDERS "FIRM AS ROCKS."

ROSE, Wednesday.—A telegram from Chifu reports that, in a letter received there dated 23rd inst., General Stoessel says the Japanese are wasting ammunition and lives, as the Russians in Port Arthur are firm as rocks, and showing the utmost determination in defending their positions.

General Stoessel adds that even without receiving help he can hold out for six months longer.

### NEW JAPANESE LOAN.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—Another internal Five per Cent. Loan of 80,000,000 yen (£8,000,000) has been decided upon by the Japanese Government. The price of issue will be 92.—Reuter.

## Tea and Cigarettes the Only Japanese Indulgence.

Reuter's correspondent with the Japanese Army sends more interesting details about officers and men.

Referring to the men, he says:—This is not a convivial army. The few camp followers whose presence near the front is sanctioned sell cigarettes, fans, sandals, handkerchiefs, towels, soap, tooth brushes, writing paper, and envelopes.

The nearest shop where a bottle of sake (Japanese wine) or beer can be bought is at Feng-Huang-Cheng, fifty miles to the rear, and that means that the officers get very little, and the soldiers none.

There are none of those restaurants dispensing champagne and vodka, which figure so conspicuously in accounts of the Russian army, and no cafes with yellow-haired singing girls, indeed no women of any sort in the wake of the army.

### SOLDIERS USE FANS ON THE MARCH.

Tea, fans, and cigarettes are the soldiers' luxuries; fishing, writing letters, and reading newspapers their amusements. Riding about the camps one always sees hundreds of soldiers sitting cross-legged under the trees painting artistic epistles to relatives, with brushes on rolls of thin paper.

Fans for soldiers seem an anomaly, particularly for soldiers so far removed from suspicion of effeminacy as the Japanese. Yesterday a battalion of infantry toiled past, perspiring through the sandy cornfields under an almost tropical sun, and every man was playing a paper disc. The fans and tea kettles dangle from saddles and from soldiers' packs.

### PASSION FOR FISHING.

Another souvenir of home life which the soldiers have brought into Manchuria is a fishing line in every knapsack. From General Kuropatkin down to the humblest coolie who trots after his master's horse, they are disciples of the rod.

Seeing these mild-eyed boys sitting for long hours by the banks of mountain streams waiting for a three-inch minnow to bite at an alarm worm it is hard to realise them as the same fighting men who storm rocky embankments under showers of shrapnel and bring back the huge Cossacks of awesome reputation, docile captives.

### GENERALS "AT THE END OF A WIRE."

The generals of the Japanese are directors, while the Russians cling to the old Skobelev tradition of a commander at the head of his men leading the fighting. The white-coated Russian officers ride conspicuously before their troops, while General Kuropatkin and the lesser generals usually are somewhere behind the fighting lines managing their battles by telegraph and telephone. Every general of brigade in the field is like a modern ambassador, "at the end of a wire," which his divisional commander controls, and the generals of divisions are in touch by telegraph or telephone with the corps commander.

### NO SCENE FOR A PAINTER.

General Kuropatkin is a quiet and unassuming gentleman, rather the Moltke type than the theatrical general, who gallops about exhorting and cursing his men.

During the critical hour of July 31, when his infantry were advancing across the valley to charge the Russian entrenchments on the heights, he sat in the courtyard of a Chinese temple chatting casually with members of his staff.

A Court painter could have made no battle picture here.

### JAPANESE AMBUSHED BY COSSACKS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—General Kuropatkin reports: "On the night of September 25, Cornet Mikheieff, with a detachment of Ural Cossacks, attacked Japanese bivouacs at Khundi, causing great panic among the enemy."

"On the 26th a patrol of Orenburg Cossacks laid an ambush for a half squadron of Japanese cavalry, which, finding itself unexpectedly fired at by the Cossacks, opened a fusillade, but soon retired with considerable loss, leaving several men dead on the field."

"The Cossacks captured a few Japanese horses." General Kuropatkin states that numerous skirmishes have occurred in most parts of the Russian front, all the Japanese outpost attacks to the north having been repulsed. General Samsoroff's troops have had frequent encounters with the enemy, but there have been very few casualties.

### WOMEN AS SHIELDS.

THE HAGUE, Wednesday.—In the Second Chamber of the States General to-day Socialist deputies criticised the military expedition into Achin, in which 1,007 women and children were killed.

Dr. Kuypers, the Premier, replied that the natives used their wives and children as shields. The Government greatly regretted the sad necessity of killing women and children in order to maintain its authority.—Reuter.

The widow of Professor Finzen yesterday received an autograph letter from King Edward expressing his Majesty's condolences with her in her bereavement.—Reuter.

## Curios Bought by Officers or Kept as Fair Spoils.

In view of the false reports that have reached home regarding looting in Tibet, it is only fair to state, cables Mr. Edmund Candler, the "Daily Mail" correspondent with the Tibetan Mission, that the strictest discipline has been maintained, and the troops have shown extraordinary restraint.

The large quantities of Tibetan curios sent to India have either been purchased by officers or are legitimate spoils of war.

Most of the valuable and interesting articles at Gyantse Jong were reserved for the Government.

The great Pankhor Choude monastery was left intact, though the monks of the Thietso, that no building used for military purposes would be spared.

No doubt there were a few cases of individual looting during and after the protracted operations at Gyantse, but the perpetrators, when discovered, were severely dealt with.

At Nagartse two sergeants were sentenced to two years' imprisonment for attempting to rob a monastery, and another, who took the earrings from a native of the country, was severely flogged.

### ARSENIC MYSTERY.

Doctor's Account of a Mother's  
Inhuman Joy.

Remarkable evidence was given yesterday by medical men at the resumed inquest by the St. Helens coroner on the girl Jones, whom Joseph and Ellen Burnard are alleged to have poisoned with arsenic. After death the woman received sums of £10 and £20, insurance on the girl's life.

Dr. O'Keefe, who attended several of Burnard's children, said that in the case of one child, named Emily, who had died in infancy, when he handed Mrs. Burnard the certificate of death he expressed his sympathy that her children should be dying like this, but she appeared to be quite jubilant, and laughed, and said they were better off.

Mr. Davies, analytical chemist, stated that he had found traces of arsenic broadly distributed all over the body of the girl. He had no doubt that death was due to arsenical poisoning, which, he believed, had been administered in small doses, because it was so widely disseminated.

The analyst had also examined the exhumed body of the infant Joseph Burnard, but found no traces of arsenic. It was intimated that no further proceedings would be taken with regard to this child's death. The inquiry was adjourned.

### WAYS OF "WORK-DOGGERS."

Conference Discusses the Natural  
History of the Tramp.

There were some points of interest in the Conference of Poor Law Guardians at Newport yesterday.

The day was devoted to the wanderings and doings of the tramp.

Mr. H. Holman, Rugby, who introduced the question, was very severe on the refined cruelty shown to hop-pickers and general wayfarers by the Maidstone Union, where tramps were required to break half a ton of granite and pass it with their fingers through a fine grid in exchange for 1lb. of bread.

The case was related of a professional tramp who had dodged in and out of the workhouse and prison for eighteen years, and had, by avoiding the finger-print test, passed under no fewer than fourteen aliases. He was not a criminal in the ordinary sense, but was what was called a "work-dodger."

In prison he invariably had a scheme for getting on the sick-list and obtaining hospital dietary and a soft bed.

### PRIMATE ON ANGLO-SAXON UNITY.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—The Archbishop of Canterbury was the guest of honour at a dinner given by the Church Club of New York at the Hotel Astor last night.

After expressing thanks for the warmth of his reception the Archbishop said that not the least striking feature of the demonstrations since his arrival was the cordial recognition by those outside his own communion.

The Primate concluded by saying he wished that Great Britain and America, having a joint life, might be essentially independent, and yet continue to be absolutely one.—Reuter.

### AUSTRALIA WANTS PREFERENCE.

From Sydney comes prompt repudiation of Lord Rosebery's declaration at Lincoln that Australia does not desire preferential duties with the Mother-country.

Mr. Watson, leader of the Federal Opposition, states the result of the last general election clearly proves that Australia favours preference.

Sir William Lyne has, moreover, called a meeting in the Federal Parliament that negotiations be opened without delay.

## LADY CURZON.

Rallies Again from Her  
Serious Relapse.

### MORE HOPEFUL NEWS.

The grave news received concerning Lady Curzon's illness on Tuesday night was succeeded yesterday by a more reassuring statement.

Upon inquiring at Walmer Castle last evening the *Mirror* representative was officially informed that there had been a slight improvement all day in her condition, and that progress had been maintained.

Her ladyship's sudden relapse on Tuesday created intense anxiety and widespread sympathy, proof, if it were needed, being given by the enormous number of inquiries and messages received at the castle during the day.

It was about seven o'clock on Tuesday night when Lady Curzon, who had had a fairly good day, and had taken nourishment better, suddenly developed alarming symptoms which reduced her to a state of collapse.

This frequently happens in cases of peritonitis, where septic poisoning sets in. For three or four hours her condition caused the gravest apprehension, but about midnight the patient rallied, and her condition continued less grave throughout the night.

The bulletin issued at nine o'clock yesterday morning was as follows:—

"Lady Curzon has rallied during the night, and her condition is less grave though still critical."

The following bulletin appeared in the evening:—

"Lady Curzon has passed a comfortable day, and her condition has improved."

Sir Thomas Barlow and the other medical men who have been called in remained at the castle all Tuesday night.

The Hon. Frank Curzon has returned, but it was understood Dr. Champneys was to leave yesterday.

Unless the vessel encountered bad weather, it is believed that the *Vaderland*, with Mrs. Leifer and her daughter on board, will reach Dover next Sunday night.

### GRACIOUS PRINCESS.

Goes to the Help of an Injured Dutch  
Lady.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

JOHANNESBURG, Wednesday.—Princess Christian has, during her visit here, endeared herself to all classes by her kindly urbanity and manner.

To-day, while motoring with Lord Milner, her car frightened a horse driven by a Dutch lady, who, unable to control the animal, was thrown out of her trap.

Greatly distressed at the accident, Princess Christian at once alighted, and went to the assistance of the lady, who, happily, was but slightly shaken.

Her Highness, after shaking hands with the lady, insisted on her joining her in the motor-car, and drove her to the station.

All the schools, both Dutch and English, have been visited by the Princess, who has also shown the greatest interest in the hospital patients.

### BLOTTING OUT A MAHDI.

Religious Fanatic's Death Ends a  
Dangerous Movement.

Reuter has received further details of the appearance of a new Mahdi on the Blue Nile. He was a religious fanatic, who recently appeared at Ward Medani, and, assuming the name of Jesus, forthwith collected followers, and declared himself a Mahdi.

The whole movement originated in a single afternoon. Without the least delay a force of police, under a native officer, was dispatched to the scene.

While a parley was being held, the followers of the new Mahdi rushed upon the officer in charge of the Sudanese force, and speared him to death. The police then fell upon the fanatics, with the result that the prophet and the majority of his followers were killed, and some others captured.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: North-easterly breeze; fair generally, hazy or cloudy in places; cool.

Lighting-up time: 6.42 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth, with fog in places near the coasts.



## SECOND MRS. BROWN-POTTER. Famous Actress's Husband Marries Again. STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

Mr. James Brown-Potter was married yesterday to a wealthy New Yorker, and one of New York's famous actresses. The coincidence that he is the ranks of matrimony on the eve of the on which his former wife enters the ranks of actor-managers, in the "Golden Light," at Savoy.

Four years ago Mr. James Brown-Potter obtained a divorce from the famous actress. She was a wealthy New Yorker, and one of New York's famous actresses, by right of birth, the nephew of the famous Bishop Potter who had entertained the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Brown-Potter has no marked characteristics, is known to his many friends as an essentially good fellow.

His marriage to the beautiful Cora Urquhart, of Louisiana, filled the male portion of fashionable New York with envy.

From the first Mrs. Brown-Potter was a brilliant actress socially, and for a time husband and wife lived happily together. Soon, however, Mrs. Brown-Potter found the society of the "Four Hundred" pull on her. She sought an outlet for her energies and found it in amateur theatricals.

He succeeded so well that she determined to go the stage. Despite her husband's protests, she took her own course, and in 1887 made her first professional appearance at the London Haymarket.

Am Sylvester in Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife." For ten years she lived apart from her husband, the latter finally divorced her on the ground of her own course, and she had "deserted," as it is lived apart for ten years.

Her career as actress-manageress commences tonight in the "Golden Light," at the Savoy, and some time ago London has been talking of the maternal gowns worn in the piece.

Passion Gown.

Some of the gowns were exhibited in the dress attire at Madame Lucile's yesterday afternoon. The first gown was of a strange electric peacock. The girl who wore it expressed by action, and carriage the subtle emotions of the dress. Vanity and pride were in each step and movement.

A flaming orange expressed hauteur, a delicate grey the innocence of the ingenue.

One of Mrs. Brown-Potter's gowns, said the manageress, "is called 'consolable sorrow,' and worn in the last act—after her husband dies, you know."

The famous gown, however, was not shown. It is a passion's Trance. Gorgeous in its startlingly blued lines, it vividly portrays the depths and glows of human love.

Over the breast is blue, the colour of innocence. Creeping in insidiously up are crimson and purple, signifying love and passion, which prevail over innocence and purity.

Such is the gown Mrs. Brown-Potter will wear in her passion scene to night.

## JEALOUS HUSBAND'S CRIME. Unfounded Suspicions Lead to a Terrible Tragedy.

The circumstances of a painful tragedy which has turned in Preston will be investigated by the coroner to-day at the inquest upon Arthur Aston, a licensee of the Old Legs of Man Hotel, Fishergate.

Early on Tuesday night Aston and his wife were found by a friend lying on the kitchen floor in a pool of blood.

Aston, with a bullet wound in his head, was unconscious, but his wife, who was able to speak, hinted to her husband, and said, "He's done it."

She had received two bullet wounds—one between the chin and the other near the right temple—and by the side of the man lay a six-chambered revolver.

The man died yesterday, while Mrs. Aston now is in the hospital in a critical condition. The only motive that can be assigned for the crime is jealousy, for which there is said to have been not the slightest cause.

## IMPRISONMENT FOR MOTORIST.

There is a growing determination among magistrates to regard fines for drunkenness while in charge of motor-cars as entirely inadequate.

## ESCAPE IN NIGHT-DRESS.

### Mother and Children Make a Leap for Safety.

Thrilling scenes marked the escape of the family of Mr. George Fleming, headmaster of the advanced elementary school at Merthyr Tydfil, from a fierce outbreak of fire at their house, No. 9, Fairview-terrace, in the lower part of the town.

One life, unhappily, was lost—that of their servant, Elizabeth George, a girl of twenty, in whose bedroom, at the front of the house, the fire is supposed to have originated. It is believed that the girl was reading in bed at the time, and that her clothing caught fire.

Mrs. Fleming was sleeping with her baby child in a back bedroom. She was awakened in the early hours of yesterday morning by the child's restlessness, and noticed what she thought was a strong smell of sulphur. She called loudly to her husband.

While he descended to the kitchen Mrs. Fleming tried to wake the servant, but obtained no response. Mr. Fleming also endeavoured to reach the girl's bedroom, but was unsuccessful.

In the course of a few minutes the fire spread downwards over the staircase, and entirely cut off the mother and her children from the father. Mr. Fleming rushed out into the back yard, and his wife and their three children, who had fled from the flames in their nightdresses, bravely threw themselves out of the bathroom window, one after the other, into his arms.

When the police were able to enter the front passage of the house they discovered the charred body of the missing servant. She died, it is believed, a merciful death by suffocation.

## GAMES AND BRAINS.

### "Lord Chief" and Mr. Andrew Lang Differ with Dr. Kenealy.

Stirred by the statement of Dr. Arabella Kenealy that "there is no more stupid person than your man or woman who excels in games," a correspondent has written to the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Andrew Lang, and the Headmaster of Eton and Haileybury Colleges, asking their opinions.

Lord Alston presents his compliments, and begs to state that he entirely disagrees with Dr. Kenealy.

Mr. Andrew Lang writes:

Perhaps Miss Kenealy does not know much about the matter. Very clever as well as very stupid people are good at games.

The headmasters all favour the wise use of games and athletics generally.

## FIGHT IN THANET.

### Party Split Causes a State of Bewildering Confusion.

Increasing activity characterises the doings of both sides in the election campaign in the Isle of Thanet, and the personal element which has been introduced by the fact of Mr. Harry Marks's candidature has intensified the interest in the result.

A heated controversy has arisen as to whether the late member for the constituency, Mr. J. Lowther, favoured Mr. Marks as his successor, Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., asserting that he did, while a local clergyman claims to have a letter from Mr. Lowther to the contrary, but the letter has been mislaid.

Mr. King, the Liberal candidate, is said to have alienated both the temperance and licensed victuallers' parties by his views on licensing, but the Unionists who oppose Mr. Marks may win Mr. King the seat.

Lively scenes took place at a meeting addressed by Mr. F. C. Vernon Harcourt, who favours Mr. Marks's candidature.

Cries of disapproval made it difficult for him to get a hearing. He described the chief interpreter as a "leather-lunged individual," and spoke of the noisy element being "the embodiment of ignorance and cowardice."

## EXCITING A LAZY LION.

Two menagerie men, Andrew Purchase and Thomas Ryner, of Reading, were summoned at Kingston yesterday at the instance of the N.S.P.C.A., for tormenting a lion with a whip and hot iron.

Purchase said the lion was not touched by the iron. "The animal was not in terror, but simply followed me about the cage like a little pet dog," he said.

"Is it cruelty to show him the hot iron?" "Not a bit. It gives him some exercise, and prevents him from becoming lazy."

The summonses were dismissed.

## ELECTRIC TAILORING.

At the Tailors' Exhibition, which opened yesterday, in Gerard-street, Shaftesbury-avenue, an interesting feature was the electric cutting machine.

## LOST SCHOLAR FOUND.

### Traced by Means of a Picture in the "Mirror."

Mr. Arthur Norris, the missing undergraduate, of Bath, has been discovered through his photograph, which appeared in yesterday's *Mirror*. This is the second missing person found this week through the *Mirror*.

Mr. Norris arrived in London last Thursday night on a "boneshaker" bicycle, and went to the Triangle Temperance Hotel, in Charterhouse-street.

On Monday samples began to arrive, addressed to Mr. Arthur Norris, and he said that they were for him.

Yesterday evening Mr. Norris went to see Ahrensmeier, the cowboy-hypnotist, and told him all his troubles.

The hypnotic professor stroked Norris's head, felt his bumps, gave him the strenuous gaze, and then advised him to go home by train and ship the boneshaker in the guard's van.

## Laughing at His Photo.

The manageress of the Triangle Hotel saw the photograph in yesterday's *Mirror*, and recognised the features of her guest.

She went to his room and found him looking at his picture in the *Mirror* and laughing uproariously.

Last night the father received at Bath the following wire from London:—

Am better now. Thanks to Ahrensmeier. Letter following.—ARTHUR.

The student's father wired back: "Shall welcome you home. Shall I come?"

On all sides praise is heard in Bath for the remarkably successful *Mirror* photograph.

## BRIDESMAIDS IN SANDALS.

### Unconventional Dresses at Lady Hermione Grimston's Wedding.

There were many society people present yesterday at the wedding of Lady Hermione Grimston, the second of the Earl of Verulam's six pretty daughters, to Lieutenant Bernard Buxton, R.N., son of Mr. Geoffrey Powell Buxton (a partner in the well-known banking firm of Gurneys and Co.), and great-nephew of Lord Suffield. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

The bridesmaids—Lady Elizabeth Grimston, Lady Hermione Graham, Miss Avery Buxton, and Miss Azalea Baring—were dressed in a very unconventional manner. Their dresses were in yellow, white, and black, to represent the colours of the Grimston shield. They wore sandals instead of shoes, and black mittens in place of gloves, while their white muslin dresses were ornamented with sprays of yellow roses.

They did not carry the usual bouquets, but each held in her hand a gold chain purse, given by the bridegroom as a memento of the event.

## FANATIC ATTACKS A PICTURE.

### Masterpiece Worth £5,000 in Danger from a Lunatic.

An extraordinary attack has been made by a religious fanatic on Mr. Sigismund Goetze's famous picture, "Despised and Rejected of Men," which has been on exhibition during the last three weeks at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

While a considerable number of people were in the saloon, one of the visitors suddenly stepped over the barrier and made three lunges at the picture with a walking-stick. The canvas was indented in several places, and punctured slightly, but, luckily, not in vital parts, and none of the faces was injured.

The picture is worth £5,000. The man, whose name is Percy Philip Thomas, was charged at Newcastle yesterday. He can be prosecuted for the picture because the Crucifixion was not meant to be a money-making affair or an advertisement. He was remanded for inquiries.

## LUNATIC'S STRUGGLE WITH LUNATIC.

Early yesterday morning a disturbance was heard in one of the sleeping apartments of the Cork Lunatic Asylum, and the attendants, on entering, found an inmate named Swanston being kept down on his bed by another lunatic.

There were signs of a desperate struggle, and Swanston's head was fractured. The man died shortly after being removed to the hospital.

## MARRIAGE ERRAND ENDS IN DEATH.

Henry Taylor, a spinner, has died at Preston Infirmary under singular circumstances. A fortnight ago he went to put up the beams of his marriage, and on returning he said to his sweetheart: "I've done it all right, but hurt myself by stumbling over a gravestone."

## RACE FOR JEWELS.

### Motor-boat Gives a Long Start to a Liner.

## EXCITING CHASE.

An unrehearsed race between an ocean liner and a motor-boat was run in Southampton water yesterday. It was really a handicap, as the liner got a long start of the motor-boat.

The stakes were a bag of jewels, and the story of their recovery forms a lively episode of the sea.

Among the passengers by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's liner Orinoco, bound for the West Indies, were a lady and her maid, whom a number of friends had run down from Waterloo to see off.

## Jewels Left Behind.

Just before the liner cast off, the lady's maid remembered that a bag, containing her mistress's jewels, had been left at the station hotel.

An appeal made to Captain Hicks to delay the liner was ineffectual, and the lady was forced to leave without her trinkets.

Meanwhile one of the gentlemen of the party had driven rapidly to the hotel, but, on returning with the missing bag, he was only in time to see the liner disappearing.

Offers to various tug-masters to overtake the Orinoco were of no avail, as none of the skippers thought it possible to catch up the liner.

## Liner Out of Sight.

At this critical juncture the well-known motor-boat, Napier Minor, came alongside the quay, and the gentleman, having explained the situation to Mr. A. Evans, her commander, was taken aboard the smart little craft, and started in pursuit of the Orinoco, which by this time was out of sight.

The chase was a fairly long one, the liner being off Cowes when the nimble Napier Minor ranged alongside.

A rope was thrown over, and the bag fastened to it was hauled aboard, and amid the cheers of the passengers, restored to its owner.

## WOMAN'S PLUCK.

### How She Saved a Constable from a Would-be Murderer.

Two cases of striking bravery—one on the part of a woman and the other on that of two lads—were suitably rewarded yesterday.

At Scarborough, Mrs. Emily Watson was presented with a gold chain and purse containing £10, publicly subscribed, and a valuable gold watch from members of the police force, in recognition of her pluck in assisting a constable when murderously attacked by a navy man named Kelly.

Mrs. Watson, who was loudly cheered, is the wife of a painter.

Though by no means a strong woman, Mrs. Watson, at great personal risk, went to the constable's help when he was laid prostrate, and wrested a knife from Kelly's hand. The mayor told her she had probably saved two lives. The constable might have been killed and Kelly hanged.

At Preston the mayor presented Richard Boyd, sixteen, and James Salthouse, seventeen, with the Royal Humane Society's medals. On July 17 the youths swam across the swollen Ribble, and at great risk rescued two boys named Jackson and Dugdale, who were drowning.

Dugdale became wedged underneath a rock, and, a strong current preventing them diving, Boyd and Salthouse clung to the rock, clasped hands, and, working their way down the river bed, effected a rescue.

## DO YOU RECOGNISE YOUR PORTRAIT?

"We had the best time of our lives on Saturday," said little Miss Lily Masters, of 48, Hanover-street, Islington, who called yesterday at the *Mirror* Office, and went away happier than ever with a prize of five shillings.

She was one of the lucky ones snapped at the Crystal Palace on *Mirror* Saturday. Her portrait was published on page 8 in Monday's issue. For recognising it she was rewarded with five shillings.

Another happy claimant of a *Daily Mirror* fountain pen and 5s. was Miss Maude Stevens, of 5, Lower Marlham-road, Old Charlton, a snapshot of whom appeared in yesterday's paper. It was taken at the Palace gates.

Two more portraits of *Daily Mirror* readers, taken on *Mirror* Gala Day, are reproduced on page 9 to-day. If your portrait is one them you will be awarded five shillings and a splendid *Mirror* fountain pen on application at this office.

## CUTTING THE KING'S GRAPES.

Some magnificent grapes from the famous royal vine at Cumberland Lodge have been cut and forwarded to the King at Balmoral. The vine has yielded some seven or eight hundred bunches.

Their Majesties, like the late Queen Victoria, are very fond of these particular grapes.



## Amorous Policeman's Amusing Love Letters.

### "D.T.'s" COOL HIS ARDOUR.

That fertile subject for the humorist's pen—the policeman who courts the cook—was discussed from its serious, as well as its amusing, point of view yesterday at the Middlesex Guildhall, Westminster.

Miss Julia Wright, a cook, asked the Under-Sheriff and a jury to grant her damages against Richard Reader, an ex-Guardsman and now a policeman in the Metropolitan force at Ilford, for breach of promise of marriage. Reader admitted the promise and its breach, but did not appear.

The acquaintance began in 1897, when Reader was in the Guards. In 1899 they became engaged, and Reader went to the South African war. In 1901 he became a policeman.

The engagement, said counsel, continued in full flood tide till March, 1904, when the amorous constable showed very evident signs of a change. He tried to get Miss Wright to break off the engagement, and to induce her to do so he told her he had the "D. T.'s." That, however, was a hoax.

At last he told Miss Wright he had got another girl, and must break off the engagement.

Several letters written by Reader were read. On April 3, 1903, he wrote:—

My pet,—It does seem so hard that we should have to part always when we are just enjoying ourselves. Enclosed with all my warmest love and kisses, from yours forever, loving and affectionate, Richard.

#### Reflections While on His Boat.

On April 27 he wrote:—

My dear,—I do not like you being so far away from me. My pet, I do hope I shall see you soon. I did think of you yesterday afternoon when on my boat, the sun shining and the birds singing. I have found such a nice walk on one of our boats.

In a letter dated December 21, 1903, he said:—

Now, my pet, what a nice time we had together yesterday. I felt quite at home with you. In fact, I always do when I am with you. I felt rather down this morning when I started on duty. But never mind, old-dear, buck up. Better days in store.

But a letter of March 24, 1904, announced:—

I have been going astray and have got the "rats." I don't know when I shall give up being like it, but if I don't I am afraid some time serious will happen.

#### Useless Troussseau.

On two occasions, counsel stated, Reader induced Miss Wright to leave her situation for the purpose of getting married, and she purchased a trousseau at a cost of £200 or £400. Reader had told her that he had £300 ready money, and substantial damages would not be injurious to him.

Miss Wright, a good-looking brunette, said that she had had to take a situation at reduced wages in consequence of giving up her place at her lover's request. He put off the marriage because he had just joined the police force, and wanted to see how he settled down.

According to a police-sergeant, it was not true that Reader suffered from drink.

The jury assessed damages at £200, and judgment was entered for that amount with costs.

### SOUGHT SUICIDE IN A CAB.

#### Runaway Paris Boy's Theatrical Attempt to Strangle Himself.

London has been the scene of one of those theatrical attempts at suicide which form such a familiar feature of Parisian life.

The would-be victim was a boy of sixteen, Marcel Dalgu, who came from France to London a fortnight ago. Late on Tuesday night he hired a cab in Regent-street, and was subsequently found by the driver lying in the bottom of it with a tie bound tightly round his neck.

The boy, charged before the Marylebone magistrate yesterday with attempting to strangle himself, said he hired the cab with the intention of "doing it." He had left Paris, where he had been a student, without his parents' knowledge, and, finding himself without money, telegraphed home, but got no reply.

By the magistrate's direction another telegram was sent to the father, and the boy remains in custody awaiting his arrival.

The sons of Mrs. Hampton, the missing Peckham lady who was discovered in Yarmouth by the aid of a *Mirror* photograph, write:—"Allow us to thank you most heartily for your kind efforts which enabled us to hear news of our mother. To express our gratitude in words is impossible."

## Judge Puts a Handbell and Glance at a Train Saves a Man's Flag Out of Action.

The great Sunbury fence dispute paid a visit yesterday to the Vacation Court.

"Oh," said Mr. Justice Warrington blandly, "this is the Sunbury row, which we have read about in the papers."

The case for the garrison was put before the court by Mr. Byrne. "It seems impossible," he complained, "to keep up a fence, and restrain trespassers from coming into the 'close' of my client, Mr. Clark."

Mr. Byrne then explained that the chieftain of the attacking force, Mr. Annett, had advised being "served." "But we know where he is now," counsel added, "and we shall be able to serve him."

Other Sunburyites, allies of Mr. Annett, however, had been actually served. Among them was a Mr. Strood, who was represented in court by Mr. Waggett.

Mr. Strood was perfectly willing to admit that the attackers had borrowed from him, to inspire their onslaughts, a handbell and a flag. "But this is so trivial," said Mr. Waggett, "that we have not thought it worth while to file an affidavit."

So Mr. Strood received the Court's injunction not to "trespass," which he denies doing.

Injunctions were also granted against other Sunbury residents who had been seen, it was said, in the "close" pulling down a chicken-house and a store house, "having entered the said close and pulled up the fence."

### PUZZLED JURY.

#### Conflict Between Logic and Kindness of Heart.

Following upon his recent remarks as to the reluctance of coroners' juries to return verdicts of *felix de se*, Mr. Wynn Westcott had an encounter with a Hackney jury yesterday, which resulted in a strangely-worded verdict.

Charles Goswell, an inmate of the workhouse, was found dead in the yard beneath a window on the fourth floor. Both a nurse and a doctor agreed that the man had thrown himself out.

After consulting with his fellow-jurors the foreman stated that they could not say the man was temporarily insane.

The Coroner: There is no evidence that anyone else threw him out. You had better call it *felix de se*.

The Foreman: I should be sorry to do that.

A Juror: The man might have walked in his sleep.

The Coroner (sarcastically): Perhaps he was hypnotized.

Eventually the verdict was framed as follows:—"Deceased was found dead outside Hackney Workhouse, and died from shock, broken ribs, and other injuries, having fallen from a window under circumstances to the jurors unknown."

### FLUCTUATING WAISTS.

#### Dressmaker's Difficulty with a Stout Lady Customer.

A portly, middle-aged lady, Mrs. Eliza Watts, the wife of a retired publican, complained when sued at Lambeth County Court yesterday for £8s. 6d., the price of a dress, that the garment did not fit. The waistband "refused to come together."

The plaintiff, Mrs. R. W. Taylor, a Brixton dressmaker, said that every time Mrs. Watts came to her the measurement of her waist was different. Judge Emden: That is awkward and unfortunate. Do stout people's waists fluctuate?

Plaintiff: Yes, sir; but not to the same extent as in this case. Judge Emden: You must pay, Mrs. Watts. I find there are women with whom it has become the fashion to air their dress grievances in court.

### DEBTOR'S LARGE FAMILY.

During the hearing of a judgment summons at Lambeth County Court yesterday the debtor stated he had eight children.

The Plaintiff: You told me that you had only three children.

The Debtor (quickly): Yes, but that was a year ago.

Judge Emden: What! Has your family increased by five in twelve months?

The Debtor (not comprehending): Yes, sir. (Laughter.)

### WHY SHE ELOPED.

Mrs. Patrick Joseph Mitchell obtained a maintenance order at Blackheath yesterday against her husband, who, she said, was ridiculously jealous, and thrashed her, sometimes every night in a week, though they had only been married fourteen months.

She admitted that she eloped with him.

The defending solicitor asked why she eloped. "Why," said Mrs. Mitchell, scornfully, "Because I had no more sense, that's why!"

With dramatic suddenness the aspect of a case heard at the Westminster Police Court yesterday underwent a startling change.

Evidence given by Mary Ann Evans, the wife of a skin-dresser at Birmingham, against John O'Neill, a soldier, wearing two medals and three good-conduct stripes, who had been her sole fellow-passenger in a railway carriage between Guildford and Vauxhall, had placed the prisoner in a very serious position.

When the train reached Vauxhall, the woman, whose dress was torn and covered with dust, had gone to the officials and made a charge of the most grave character against O'Neill. The latter was at first inclined to treat the matter lightly, but afterwards, realising the gravity of his position, made assertions of familiarity in the conduct of Mrs. Evans towards him, adding that she had taken drinks with him.

These suggestions met with an unqualified denial from Mrs. Evans in the witness-box.

Quite by chance, John Warland, travelling ticket examiner on the London and South-Western Railway, heard of the charge yesterday morning, and at once hurried to the court to volunteer evidence.

On Tuesday afternoon, Warland said, he collected the tickets of the afternoon Portsmouth express at Guildford. At that time Mrs. Evans and O'Neill were sitting opposite each other.

Warland shut the door and went away, but as the train was running out of the station he happened to glance again into the compartment. He then saw that Mrs. Evans had changed her position, for, instead of being opposite to O'Neill, she was by his side, with one arm round his neck.

Mr. Sheil: That is enough. Prisoner is now discharged.

### LADY VALET.

#### Cleaning a Man's Boots Because They Were "So Big."

Two American ladies kept Marlborough-street Police Court amused yesterday in recounting their dealings with a student named James Nugent, who was charged with theft.

While Miss Griffith was occupied in her tobacco shop in Fulham-road, a telegram announced that a friend was waiting to see her at her flat in Charing-cross-mansions.

She went, and found Nugent there, smoking a cigarette in an amber holder of hers, and although she did not recognise him he insisted that he knew her.

During her momentary absence from the room Nugent disappeared, together with £2 and £1 cigarette holder.

Subsequently, Nugent met a Miss Dolly Maher at her lodgings. She ordered him a breakfast of ham and eggs and a bath, and cleaned his boots, "because they were so big she didn't want to trouble the servant with them."

Nugent she manicured his toes and fingers, and shaved him.

She lent him half a sovereign, and on presenting his cheque to the bank was invited to go to Vine-street.

Mr. Plowden (to Miss Maher): I don't think you are much to be pitied.

Miss Maher: No, I guess not.

Nugent was remanded.

### SONG OF A SYREN.

#### Bank Notes Disappear During the Warbling of an Air.

In the early hours of the morning a Colonial gentleman, Henry Summers, met a lady in Leicester-square, and accompanied her home to Great Ormond-street.

Placing his coat on a cupboard he noticed the lady move it slightly, and after whispering to somebody at the door she sat down and sang.

She then went for a drink, and as she did not return Summers hailed a passing policeman and left the house, when he found that £175 in notes had disappeared from his clothes.

Subsequently it was found that there was a trap-door near where his coat lay, and Summers suggests that the lady sang while somebody rifled his garments.

At Bow-street yesterday an old man named Edward Denham was remanded on a charge of being concerned in the robbery.

### DEFINITION OF "ANYTHING."

Asked at West London Police Court what his occupation was, a prisoner replied: "Anything." Mr. Rose: Anything always means nothing.

In the Vacation Court yesterday Mr. Justice Warrington made absolute the decrees nisi in forty-three divorce cases.

## Murderer Who Thrice Escaped the Gallows.

### HIS RELEASE EXPECTED.

One of the most gruesome scenes ever witnessed within the four walls of a prison is recalled by the statement that John Lee, now undergoing a sentence of penal servitude for life, will shortly be released.

Lee was convicted on February 4, 1883, of murdering Miss Keyse, an old lady of seventy, who employed him at Babbacombe, in Devonshire, and he was sentenced to death.

But three times the hangman failed to take Lee's life. The condemned man seemed to bear a charmed existence.

#### Abyss of Death.

The scene at the scaffold was thus described by an eye-witness:—

"Berry, the hangman, had previously tried the scaffold and the drop had been properly, the trappers giving way on the pulling of a lever."

"The rope was placed round Lee's neck, and the concluding portions of the 'Service for the Dead' struck a chill into the hearts of all present, and then the lever was drawn. But the platform stuck fast, and a second pull at the lever was also in vain."

"The hangman and the warden then, standing one on each side of Lee, endeavoured to force the trap, but failed to move it."

"With the rope round his neck Lee was marched away, and then, marvellous to relate, the trap opened, but when Lee was placed once more over the closed drop no power seemed able to open it again."

"The edges of the trap seemed to be swollen, and had become jammed, through heavy rain, it was afterwards supposed."

"Lee's face was then uncovered, and he was marched back to the cells, and the trap acted satisfactorily."

"Ten minutes later Lee was again placed in readiness for his last journey, and the end of the 'Service for the Dead' read for the third or fourth time."

"Repeated pulls at the lever failed yet again to accomplish the fatal mission, and at thirteen minutes from the first attempt Lee's face was uncovered and he was marched back into the prison."

"The Under Sheriff hurried to London to interview Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, and the sentence of death was respited."

#### Symbol of Innocence.

There was a story told of a white bird, a fitting symbol of innocence, which flew round and round the execution shed during the abortive attempts to hang Lee. Because of this many people proclaimed him an innocent and deeply-wronged man.

The motive for the murder, says the "Evening News," if Lee was the guilty person, was that Miss Keyse had reduced his wages by 6d. for having performed some of his duties in an indifferent manner. Miss Keyse was found with her head nearly cut off.

There was a strong love interest in the trial, for Lee had a sweetheart, and pathetic letters from the lovers were read at the trial. "I shall never be tired of waiting for you, Jack," the girl wrote in one of her letters.

Twenty years have passed since the girl wrote this, and if she still lives, faithful through all, with what raptures will she welcome her lover, snatched from the very jaws of death.

### IN LIEU OF CONVICTION.

In striving to avoid arrest on a charge of highway robbery, James Bassett injured three officers, and had to be taken to the police station on an ambulance.

At Clerkenwell yesterday he complained that three times he had been arrested when he was guiltless, and because they could not convict him the police maltreated him.

He was remanded.

### Why do the Public Buy Vi-Cocoa?

Do you know that your mental health depends very much on your bodily health, and, therefore, on your food. Thousands of people, who first tried Vi-Cocoa as an experiment and now use it daily, have ascertained this fact.

We again repeat that not only your physical health and strength depends on the proper regulation of your diet, but also your moral character and your intellectual and commercial progress.

"Then I will try Vi-Cocoa," you say—and then forget to do so, although we are daily publishing the striking testimony of men and women who confirm our statement that Dr. T. B. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is indeed the perfect Food Beverage of the People.

There is no cheaper or better article on the market. It is sold by all grocers and stores, in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins; or you can try it absolutely free by writing (a postcard will do) to Vi-Cocoa Ltd., 99, Brompton Row, London, E.C., for a dainty sample tin.



Grand Duke Michael of Russia left Victoria Station yesterday for Cannes.

At the termination of their shivaree the Sheriffs presented the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress yesterday with a handsome silver bowl.

Surgeon-General Cleary was knocked off his bicycle near Salisbury yesterday by a motorist and had three ribs broken.

Legislation is proposed by a committee of the London County Council to largely extend the boundaries of the County of London.

Five hundred pounds is to be expended by the Metropolitan Water Board in considering the question of the pollution of the Thames and Lea.

#### SWEARING SHUTS PUBLIC-HOUSES.

It is not given to a mere man to shut a public-house by sheer hard swearing, but Ann Costello blasphemed so luridly in the village of Marston that the landlords of the two village inns promptly put up their shutters.

At Northwich she has been fined 20s. and costs.

#### PRESTON'S TRAVELLING SKELETON.

Preston Board of Guardians promotes a knowledge of anatomy among its nurses by a skeleton and a manikin kept at the workhouse.

It has been decided to lend the skeleton to the different urban councils who promote nursing classes, but an application for a loan of the manikin has been refused.

#### COWS BEATEN WITH A MILK STOOL.

In the idyllic days of the past cows were milked by gentle-minded milkmaids, now they endure the rougher attentions of the man-milker.

William Jones, at Portsoken, has encouraged his charges to make a good yield by beating them with a milk stool, and has had to pay £1 13s. in fine and costs.

#### MARQUIS'S BOLD RESOLVE.

It is a standing grievance with the Marquis of Anglesey that few people can be persuaded to take him seriously.

To remove this impression the Marquis will, when his financial difficulties are adjusted, enter upon a stage career, commencing by a tour in the provinces with a repertory of serious plays.

#### OAKUM PICKING IN WORKHOUSES.

Oakum picking is considered by the Local Government Board as being work more fitted for prisoners than workhouses.

It is on account of its prison association that it is open to objection as a task for workhouse inmates, and the Islington Board of Guardians are asked to provide other work.

#### ONE ROOM ONE VOTE.

It makes a tremendous demand upon one's common sense to translate a single room into a dwelling-house, thinks the revising barrister at Blackburn.

The words of the section of the Act are, however, sufficiently strong to make it certain that a man who has absolute possession of a room is entitled to a vote.

#### BULL THROUGH A WINDOW.

Driven through Talgarth on the way to the slaughterhouse a bull noticed a handsome pier glass in a show window.

To the bull that gazed at him from inside the gilt frame he started defiance, and as his presentment did likewise, he dashed through the plate glass window into the mirror and fought the matter out in the shop amid a vast debris of broken furniture.

#### ZEBRAS FOR LONDON.

Lord Howard de Walden is of opinion that, when motor-cars have abolished horses from the streets except for pleasure purposes, there will be an opening for a more highly-decorated animal.

He has, therefore, acquired a large territory near Lake Victoria Nyanza, where he is establishing a stud farm for breeding zebras.

He is about to start for East Africa personally to superintend operations.

#### GROCER'S SALAD OIL.

It was stated in a prosecution at Nottingham, under the Foods and Drugs Act, that in the grocery trade "olive oil" and "salad oil" are interchangeable terms.

The oil sold, however, by F. Garton, 238, Arkwright-street, only consisted of 25 per cent. of olive oil, while 75 per cent. was made up of inferior oils. The magistrates said the trade must clearly understand that olive oil must be all olive oil, and inflicted a penalty of ten shillings.

#### WHEN A HORSE IS A BULLOCK.

Trade custom is prolific in devices to make things appear other than they really are. In the circles engaged in converting cab-horses into sausages the living material is always spoken of as "bullocks." This fact came out in a ludicrous case heard at Halifax, when a horse sold to go abroad suddenly and mysteriously became described as a bullock.

It was also stated, apparently with some degree of authority, that quite as many old horses were made into sausages in England as were sent abroad.

Thirty-five Rhodes scholars for Oxford will arrive from New York by the Ivernia.

At the suggestion of the Duke of Connaught the defences of the Thames are to be surveyed during the winter.

"I've got a lot of pals there," joyfully remarked Annie Hickey, a blacklister, when sent by the Thames magistrate to Lewes Inebriates' Home.

On the Midland Railway Irish section a goods train was derailed near Magherafelt yesterday morning, but fortunately no one was injured. The line was blocked for several hours.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, as president of the Ladies' Association of the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women, will take the chair at a meeting of the association on Tuesday, October 18, at 12 o'clock, at the Hotel Metropole.

#### STRAWBERRIES GROWN IN SEWAGE.

Wrexham Town Council make a feature of the municipal strawberry beds on the sewage-farm.

The Local Government Board has complained that fruit from such beds might reach the public in a condition to endanger the health of the purchaser.

To this complaint Wrexham Council replies that immediately the fruit begins to form the sewage water is turned off and a thick layer of straw placed between each row of plants, so that the hands or feet of the pickers do not come in contact with sewage matter.

Wrexham will therefore continue to rear strawberries on the town sewage.

#### TO CHECK BEGGING CHILDREN.

To-morrow the new Act for the prevention of cruelty to children comes into operation, which makes it a criminal offence to ill-treat, neglect, or abandon any child under the age of sixteen.

Magistrates may give authority to take to a "place of safety"—which, among other places, includes a workhouse—any boy under the age of fourteen, or girl under the age of sixteen, who is in the street for the purpose of begging, or in any station involving bodily injury.

Under this new Act boards of guardians may subscribe to the funds of any society for the prevention of cruelty to children.

#### MOTHER'S STRANGE CHOICE.

While a Birmingham youth, named Joseph Ellis, 43, Moorsom-street, was under remand charged with stealing a shirt he expressed a wish to the chaplain of Warwick Prison to go to sea.

The police court missionary arranged to send him, but before the magistrates his mother unexpectedly declined to allow him to go.

She was asked if she preferred her son to be sent to prison rather than have an opportunity of retrieving his character, and on her maintaining her refusal the lad was sent to goal for fourteen days.

#### WHISKY FOR AMERICA.

"An enormous export trade is done by the Scotch distillers to the United States, and notwithstanding efforts to market American whisky, the Scotch trade with the United States shows no signs of diminution."

In order to secure a Scottish brand an American syndicate has purchased the distillery at Glenmuir, Dalwhinnie, which was connected with the great Paterson collapse, and the Americans, who have secured it at a low price, are to make important additions.

#### WAKING UP THE WAR OFFICE.

Although there are doubtless many individual officers closely following the Russo-Japanese war with intense interest, the War Office is in its official capacity making no study of its lessons.

The Army Council have now decided to create an historical department for the observation of contemporary wars, and will commence its labors by recording the whole of the operations in Korea and Manchuria, and record the lessons which they teach.

#### BLUECOAT LORD MAYOR.

November 9 must certainly be observed as a gala day at Christ's Hospital. It will witness the installation in the civic chair of the second Old Blue on whom has been conferred, in the Foundation's long and glorious history, the office of Lord Mayor. It would be a happy thought on the part of Lord Mayor Pountney to invite the cadet corps of the hospital to form the guard of honour at the Guildhall, and the choir to contribute to the musical entertainment.

#### SCENERY EXHIBITION.

Only quite recently formed, the Scenic Artists' Association has already entered on its sphere of usefulness.

A benevolent fund is being formed to render assistance to members in need, and secure funds an annual exhibition of the work of members will be arranged.

#### HUGE POTATO.

On Friday last a monster potato was unearthed at East Harling, Norfolk, by Mr. David Pinner, which weighed no less than 3lb. 6oz.

In length it measured 11½ in., and had a girth of 13 in.

General Owen-Williams's condition continues to show slight improvement.

In memory of Lieut.-Colonel Mainwaring-Jones, his widow has presented £1,000 to Charing Cross Hospital.

At Chieveley, yesterday, the remains of Lieutenant Jenner, son of Sir Francis Jenner, received military burial.

Near the Queen's-road entrance to Bushey Park an allotment ground has been let for £20 which ten years ago fetched 30s.

#### SEA-THREATENED RAILWAY.

The London and North-Western Railway have had to increase the number of men employed in retarding the advance of the sea at Holywell.

Recent encroachments seriously threaten the safety of the company's lines.

#### COUNTRESS AND DULWICH BOYS.

The Countess of Jersey has written some inspiring verses for the boys' paper of St. John's Social Club, East Dulwich, which will appear in the October issue.

Among the contributors last month was Lord Curzon.

#### SEASON'S FIRST SLOES.

The first sloes of the season were on sale yesterday, although there is not much demand for this austere fruit in London. Sloes are principally used for preserving in this country, and for making sloe gin. In other parts of the world spirit is distilled from the berries.

#### FLEET'S VISIT TO NEWCASTLE.

In connection with the visit of the Channel Fleet to Newcastle-on-Tyne, Lord Charles Beresford was yesterday morning shown over Messrs. Palmer's shipbuilding yard. A party of officers also visited Lord Armstrong at Barmburgh Castle.

A general holiday took place on Tyneside, to conclude the three days' visit of the fleet.

#### PAYING OUT MILLIONS.

To-day, at the first meeting of the Metropolitan Water Board after the recess, the metropolitan water companies will be authorised to receive their payments in stock from the Bank of England.

The amount is £26,284,600, and beyond this payments amounting to £1,182,684 will be made out of the urgency fund.

#### INDIA IN WHITECHAPEL.

Lord George Hamilton will open the Indian exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, on Wednesday next, when the Right Hon. Sir A. Lyall will preside.

The exhibition is designed to illustrate the different peoples, religions, arts, and products of our Indian Empire.

#### AMERICAN "ENGLISH" MEAT.

Liverpool Corporation have been asked to take measures to stop the sale of American meat as English.

In reply, they state that the matter is entirely one for the public. At present the meat of American cattle killed at Birkenhead is everywhere sold as English, the trade definition being English killed.

#### GORDON'S BIBLE.

By the directions of the King, the Bible of General Gordon, which for years has occupied an incongruous position under a glass shade in the Grand Corridor, at Windsor Castle, is to be removed.

It will now be appropriately placed in the royal library, with relics of Nelson and the Duke of Marlborough.

#### BIASSED LICENSING BENCHES.

Licensed victuallers have long chafed under the law which prohibits any person in any way connected with the trade from acting officially in licensing matters, while active teetotal propagandists are allowed on the magistrates' bench.

At the meeting of the Licensed Victuallers' National Defence League at Brighton yesterday it was resolved to urge the Government to amend the law.

#### ETHER BEFORE SCOTCH WHISKY.

Polish miners in Lanarkshire have a strange taste in drinks, their favourite tonic being diluted ether, which they prefer to Scotch whisky.

Their choice is being cheerfully fostered by local retailers, as at present prices it shows a profit of over a half-gallon.

With a view of stopping the trade the chief constable of Glasgow has recommended that ether should be scheduled as a poison.

#### WHAT A BONUS DID.

At Leeds Bankruptcy Court Joseph Walter, of 9, Camp-road, a grocer and provision dealer, said he had a very comfortable business up to two years ago.

Then came a rival, who offered a bonus of 3s. in the pound. This seemed so absurd that Joseph Walter, instead of offering 4s. discount and discomfiting his troublesome rival, just did nothing, with the result that the old-established business is bankrupt, and the pushful interloper now has all the trade.

## Bandsmen Delighted with Their Reception at Balmoral.

The conquering "Kilties"—of *Mirror* Day fame—returned from their flying visit to Balmoral yesterday and performed at the Royal Albert Hall during the afternoon.

In an interview with a *Mirror* representative regarding the visit to Balmoral Mr. Robinson said: "His Majesty was delighted with the 'Kilties.'"

The King complimented them by saying, "It is the finest band I have ever heard, and I have never enjoyed a band so much in my life. You played admirably, and I hope the 'Kilties' have enjoyed their visit here."

"After conversing with me for a few moments," said Mr. Robinson, "the King handed me the Victorian Order of the 3rd Class. When his Majesty left his chair and walked across to speak to me I felt a little nervous, but he soon put me at ease. I think he is a very nice gentleman."

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught came up afterwards and shook hands with me. The Prince said that the precision and attack of the band was excellent, and asked if I had seen him in Canada.

"I told his Royal Highness that I had played before him twice during his recent visit."

In concluding his remarks, Mr. Robinson said that the band had a splendid reception at Balmoral Station, and hundreds of people sang "Auld Lang Syne" when the special train left at one o'clock yesterday morning. He hoped to play before the King again before leaving England.

## ENGLISHMAN IN KIMONO.

### Noted Author Who Twice Changed His Nationality.

A romantic career has been brought to a close by the death of Mr. Isakdado-Hearn, who (cables our Yokohama correspondent) has just died at Tokio.

Mr. Hearn was one of the greatest writers on Japanese subjects, and had penetrated nearer than any other European to the inner secrets of Far Eastern life.

He was one of the few men who have twice changed their nationality.

Born in the Ionian Isles at the time they were under the British Crown, he was the son of a Greek mother and an English father. Leaving home, he went to the United States and became an American citizen.

Afterwards he accepted a post as lecturer on English literature at the Imperial University at Tokio, and grew so enamoured with Japan and the Japanese that he made a second change of nationality, and became a subject of the Mikado.

He married a Japanese lady, lived in a wood-and-paper house, and his quaint figure in kimono and wooden clogs could often be seen strolling about the streets of Tokio.

Mr. Hearn's debut in journalism was made in America. He was the chance-witness of the glass-house riots of Chicago, and presenting himself at the local newspaper office was interviewed by the editor and forthwith directed to write his story of the tragic scenes.

He scribbled reams and reams of "copy," and kept steadily at work for five hours, halting only for a moment of thought.

The editor was appalled by the quantity of matter, but after reading the first few sentences he became so interested that he ordered the whole lot to be printed, and declared that it was the best story the paper had ever published.

Another good story is related of the gifted litterateur. When he first came to Japan he was, like most Europeans, in the service of the Government, paid £70 to £80 a month; but when he became a Japanese subject his salary was reduced to the Japanese level—£10 or so. But this did not abate Hearn's enthusiasm for the country of his adoption.

## "ORANGE" MEN PLEAD POVERTY.

### Boer Delegates in London Seeking Help for Their Children.

Delegates from the Orange River Colony are now in London for the purposes of petitioning the Government and raising money. They intend later to carry their crusade into Germany, Belgium, and Holland.

The mission is an eminently peaceful one, and, in the emphatic words of General Krüger, one of the delegates, "essentially non-political."

"Its purpose," said the General, "is to raise funds to build orphanages for the thousands of children left parentless by the war, and to petition the Government with regard to their education."

Our financial condition is terrible. Farmers, who before the war had large herds of cattle, now have only one or two animals.

"To add to our difficulties, this year's harvest has been nearly ruined by locusts."

"Consequently we are obliged to seek help from outside. £5,000 is the smallest sum that will be of practical use."



NOTICE TO READERS.

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# Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1904.

## THE DOOMED FORTRESS.

THOUGH the veil which shrouds the operations at Port Arthur is never really lifted, and we must perforce be content with a peep beneath the corner now and again, the tone of Admiral Alexieff's telegram to the Tsar leaves small doubt that the defenders are in a very tight corner indeed. "Serious, but not desperate," says the Viceroy, in describing the situation, yet the very denial of the truth of the second word makes one feel inclined to adopt it as the more appropriate of the two.

It must be remembered, in trying to form some idea of what is happening inside and around the great Russian fortress, that time is all on the side of the besiegers. As the fight goes on wounds, death, and disease diminish the numbers of the gallant defenders, while the attacking force is constantly receiving reinforcements. The Russian supplies of food and ammunition must be running short, while those of the Japanese are practically unlimited. The Russian big guns are wearing out, as big guns will when overworked, while the Japanese gun-power is augmented day by day. Last, and not least, the knowledge of these significant facts is common to both sides, and must depress the one while it cheers and emboldens the other.

Never in the history of the world was so strong a fortress laid siege to by an invading army; but, then, never did an invading army bring to bear such tremendous resources for the reduction of a fortified position. We have no exact knowledge of the number and calibre of the guns employed by the Japanese, but it is safe to say that never through human agency did such a storm of shot and shell fall upon a town as is now falling upon Port Arthur.

Hour by hour the defences, held, as all the world must own, with splendid courage and devotion, crumble before the fearful hail of huge projectiles from cannon and howitzer; hour by hour the power of the besiegers adequately to reply grows less and less. Port Arthur is falling, falling, and nothing short of a miracle can save it. As far as we may judge the final struggle cannot long be delayed.

## THE VANISHING GOOSE.

To-day is Michaelmas Day, but it is to be feared that in these degenerate times the name calls up in the mind of the average citizen no vision of a plump and comely goose, roasted to an alluring shade of brown, surrounded by the richest of gravy, stuffed with fragrant sage and onion, and flanked by a boat of apple sauce of dainty savour. Rather it is to be feared the name conjures up visions of liabilities for house and home, and of the money that must shortly go to swell the gains of an extortionate and unfeeling landlord.

Perhaps it may be that we do not live as well as our fathers. Our English fare is hardly what it was; it lacks the element of heartiness which it once possessed; of that there can be little doubt. Nowadays we live on buns and scones, and milk-and-sodas, while Mr. Eustace Miles cheers us to the fray, and even the spectacle of a roast goose might be too much for some of our delicate stomachs.

But whatever the cause, the Michaelmas goose has ceased to be a national institution. He lives longer now. Sometimes so long that it seems a pity in the end that he was ever killed at all. There is no great slaughter of his kind at this season of the year, and since every goose uneaten is a life spared, it is doubtless for the best—at any rate for the goose.

## THE MARRIAGE HANDICAP.



## A WOMAN OF TENDRETT MOODS.

Mrs. Brown, who has been in the habit of always being a person of enterprise, and it is not surprising, for she is American, with just the faintest strain of Jewish blood. The combination is very go-ahead.

There is something daring even about her appearance. She dresses as few other women can. Her plumed picture hats—she has a strange love for feathers—would be too much for anyone else, but they seem quite in place upon her mass of Titian red hair. Her gowns, too, are only possible on her graceful—even snail-like—figure.

Almost everything she does is done in her own peculiar, dashing way. She drives a motor-car on a dog-cart equally well, and like a true sportsman, but in a way of her own. She uses a punt pole or paddles a canoe in the most graceful and charming manner, but there is no mistaking her action for that of anyone else.

She loves the river, and her popularity on the Thames is unbounded, except when she takes a semi-civilised American motor-boat into a lock full of other boats.

Like many others on the stage she made her first hit as an amateur. Then she decided to take up acting professionally.

Nowadays she sees no reason why she should confine her art to the stage, and she has recited sacred words in church, political verses on the platform, and served behind an American bar in the cause of charity, where her smile as she serves a cocktail is more exhilarating than the liquor.

Why she should worry so much about burglars is strange, but she does, though she is not the least afraid of them.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In rainbow hues the woods are dressed,  
The heath is spread with cloth of gold,  
The sun, in crimson garments roiled,  
Is holding triumph in the west.

Such gorgeous weeds are earth's array,  
To mourn her summer cold and still;  
For in her heart she feels the thrill  
Of summer's resurrection day.

—The October-Sunday Strand.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD BRASSEY, who has been saying such strong things in favour of the British working-man as compared with other nations, knows a good deal of the world in general, for he has visited nearly every corner of it in his famous yacht, the Sunbeam. He has always been an enthusiastic seaman, and he was the first yachtsman to qualify for, and take out, a master's certificate, entitling him to navigate his own vessel. His money comes through railways, and there is really a great deal of it. Nominally he gives away one-tenth of his income in charity, but as a matter of fact he always distributes much more.

As Governor of Victoria he established three records. He is the only Colonial Governor who ever sailed to his Colony in his own yacht; he is the only Colonial Governor who has preached a sermon during his Governorship; and he is certainly the only Governor who has been reported by a policeman for breaking the laws he was sent out to administer. He was caught cycling on the footpath in Melbourne, and was let off with a caution.

He has many activities, for besides his yachting he has written many volumes on the Navy and several volumes on work and wages and other subjects. He has sat on Royal Commissions on "coffin" ships, coaling stations, opium, and the aged poor, and the things he knows nothing about are not worth knowing. The voyages of the Sunbeam, too, were recorded by the late Lady Brassey.

## THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.

Alderman Pound, the Lord Mayor elect, in whose honour a dinner-party is to be given at the Mansion House to-night, has been well known in City life for many years now. Born three-quarters of a century ago, he took an active part in City history as far back as the early 'seventies, and was Senior Sheriff in 1895-6. Among his civic distinctions he is Past Master of the Leathersellers' Company, Fannmakers' Company, and Fruiterers' Company.

At the present time he is particularly interested in the development of the motor-car, for he is president of the London General Omnibus Company, and fully recognises the important part which the motor must play in London traffic of the future. He is also financially interested in theatrical matters.

Lady Dilke, who has promised to take a share in the East End cigar strike, made her first acquaintance with public life early in the 'seventies. She had been engaged in charitable work, but growing dissatisfied with it, turned her attention to the Women's Trade Union League. Though an active supporter of women workers, she does not contend that they are on an equal footing with men in the field of work, and holds that they should have shorter hours and have a longer rest in the middle of the day.

Sir John Kennaway, M.P., who presides at a meeting to say farewell to departing missionaries, at Exeter Hall, to-day, is as well known in that building as in the House of Commons. He has represented the Honiton Division of Devon now for well over thirty years, but it is doubtful whether he has made thirty speeches in that time. Of reason that he is so silent is that his utterance is very indistinct, but when he does speak he is listened to with respectful attention. He is a hospitable, genial, kind-hearted giant, and got in the least bigoted about his strong religious views.

## A JUVENILE MASON.

One thing, however, he does insist upon; guests at his house must attend family prayers. As he is a capital host he invariably has a house full of guests for the shooting, and they are good-humouredly hunted up for prayers, and no excuses accepted. The family house, near Honiton, was re-built in the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne, having been destroyed by fire. The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was performed by the present baronet, then three months old. Needless to say he has no recollection of that semi-religious ceremony, in which he played a central part, or of the specially-written hymn with eleven verses, two of which had direct reference to himself.

It is said to think that poor "Mr. Pickwick, M.P." as Mr. Alfred Davies, M.P., is called both inside and outside the House of Commons, should have had yet another batch of his silver spoons taken by the distraining officer at Hampstead. This time only 5s. is wanted, but on the last occasion the unpaid education rate amounted to 10s. 8d. Exactly who it was first christened him "Mr. Pickwick" is not certain. At any rate, a "Pickwick" alms-house has been opened in "Punch" almost directly after he took his seat. However serious "Mr. Pickwick" may be in his political principles, he finds that there is plenty of fun to be got out of his position as member of Parliament.

At the end of his first year in the House he wrote a letter to the "Times," in which he compared the various criticisms of himself which had appeared in the newspapers. The epithets varied from "exorable" and "impeccable" to "surely contradictory enough—to 'intoxicant' and 'irreverent.'" This letter of his raised so many more epithets that he wrote a fresh letter containing them as an

motorist?

Policeman: Yes. The motorist pays a fine and adds to the resources of the State. The burglar goes to prison and the State has to pay for his keep.—"Fliegende Blaetter," Berlin.

Seaside Visitor: Why do sailors get tattooed?" Old Salt: Well, it's just like your wearin' them yachtin' togs—ain't no particular reason except that other fools is doin' it.—"Judge," New York.

When we were engaged, I spoke and she listened; when we first married she spoke and I listened; now we both speak and the neighbours listen.—"Budilnik," St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Jawworker: So you are going to leave me, Bridget; haven't I treated you like one of the family?"

Bridget: Indade, ye have, mum, an' Oi've shood it as long as Oi'm goin' to!—"Smart Set."

## THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

### A Late Summer Afternoon.

Off Calshot Castle, 3 p.m. Sweetest of late summer days, doubly welcome since summer has coyly feigned to have vanished. Bluest of blue waters, rippled by the playing breezes. Softest of heat-mists lying in delicately-tinted veils on the Hampshire Downs skirting the mainland coast, and over the green hills of the Isle of Wight.

Brightest of skies, northwards of deepest blue, against which mountains of snowy, sun-tipped clouds pillow themselves in billowy masses; southwards, the sunlight has stolen the colour, leaving only radiance and glow in its stead, and a broad path of gleaming, dancing gold upon the waters.

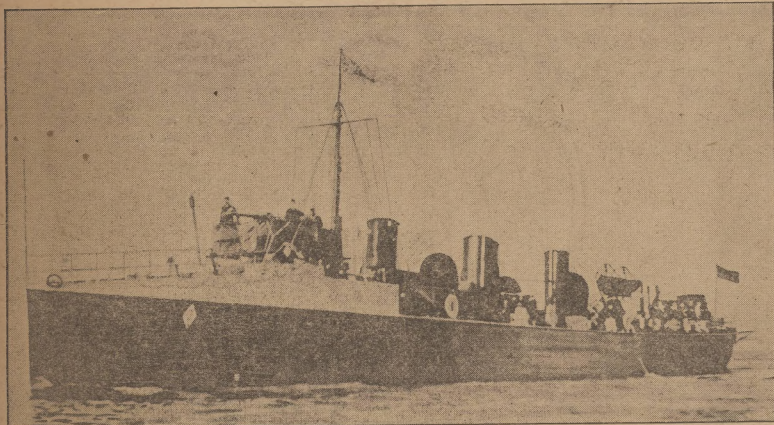
Stern and strong loom the great grey-coated men-of-war lying at anchor; spick and span in their white and gold paint loom the yachts in the roadstead. One by one the liners, great floating townships, steal out of the harbour and past the signal station. And the transport Fredericka steams up from the Channel Islands, her decks covered with the troops withdrawn from Jersey.



# NEWS / PHOTOGRAPHS.



## BRITISH DESTROYER LOST.



The torpedo-boat destroyer Chamois, which foundered off Cape Pappas, in the Mediterranean. She was carrying out full-speed trials when one of her screw-blades came off, piercing her bottom and causing her to sink in thirty fathoms of water.—(Cribb.)

## "MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



ESTHER NELSON, of Portsmouth.



MISS B. SMITH, of Camberwell.

## "MADONNA DEL PASSEGGIO."



This picture is now in the possession of a London dealer, and is said to be the original of Raphael's famous picture, the Madonna del Passeggio.

## IS THIS YOUR HOUSE?



The tenant of the above house will be awarded a prize of £2 2s. if he applies within a week to the "Daily Mirror," proving his tenancy.—(See page 10.)

## NEW LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS.



The Lord Mayor-Elect, Alderman Pound, and Mrs. Pound. The election takes place to-day, and a dinner is to be given in their honour by the present Lord Mayor at Mansion House this evening.—(Photographs by Russell and Sons.)

## DISARMING THE CESAREWITCH.



Russian sailors unloading torpedoes from the crippled Cesarewitch at Ts...



# "MIRROR" CAMERAGRAPHS.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND THE CHANNEL FLEET IN THE TYNE.



Lord Charles Beresford on his flagship, with his distinguished guest, Lord Kelvin. Lord Kelvin is one of the most remarkable of living Englishmen. He has invented for the use of ships numerous speed-recording and deep-sea sounding devices, and, perhaps, no man, except Edison, has made scientific research and discoveries so profitable.



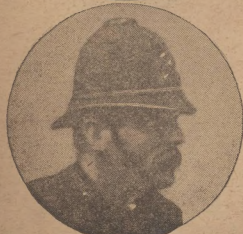
Lord Charles Beresford, ashore, smiling at Jack's original methods in conducting land operations at the Tyne.—(Copyright of Kodak, Ltd.)

SUNDAY MORNING IN A SHELTER.



A Sunday morning gathering of homeless men in a Salvation Army shelter. All sorts and conditions of men are here, some with frock-coats and top-hats mingle with tramps and park pests. They are here seen enjoying a free breakfast.

'MIRROR' GALA DAY PICTURE COMPETITION.



Is your portrait above? Were you snapped at the Crystal Palace on "Mirror" Gala Day?—(See page 4.)

COMMANDING 2nd RUSSIAN ARMY.



General Gripenberg, who is in command of the second Russian army in Manchuria.

CANAL FOR SALE.



Basingstoke Canal, between Brookwood and Aldershot, which is offered for sale.







# THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

"We may evade the watchful gaze of the Living, but the invisible eyes of the Dead are upon us all, eternally."—Montaigne.

## WHAT PREVIOUS CHAPTERS CONTAINED.

Robert Ferris and his cousin and junior, Stephen Latham, are partners in an old firm of solicitors, Latham who is a handsome, cheerful, and well-to-do young fellow—betrays the fact that he has, as usual, been betting heavily and losing.

Then Robert Ferris tells him that the firm is ruined and bankrupt, and mutual reproaches occur, for it becomes evident that Robert Ferris himself has been plunging most desperately on the Stock Exchange. He confesses that he has misappropriated the great sum of £50,000, the property of Hilda Maxwell, a young girl, and an orphan, whose legal affairs have been in the hands of the firm. Latham, too late, is overwhelmed by shame and remorse, especially as Robert Ferris reveals to him that he, Ferris, and Hilda have secretly given their whole love to each other. The matter is complicated by the fact that a Hinduo, one Husmut Bismar, who is the guardian of Hilda, is married to her father, who has been an almost fanatical Orientalist—is almost immediately expected to call and demand an account of the firm's stewardship.

Then Latham makes the startling proposition that if Ferris will at once find the sum of £2,000 he, Latham, will abscond and will attempt to commit suicide. It is hoped by this means that all the blame may be taken off the shoulders of Ferris whilst it is shifted wholly upon the shoulders of Latham. Latham is horrified, and we then find Ferris at Latham's private rooms destroying his partner's papers and so on. He finds on the bed a revolver, which he takes. He is then told that Latham had contemplated suicide. Just then the bell of the outer door rings, and Ferris hastily pockets the revolver.

The newcomer is Husmut Bismar, the Hinduo, who forces himself in and insists on taking Ferris to his chambers. After mutual recriminations Ferris strikes the Hinduo, and the two begin a life and death struggle, during which the Hinduo is mortally wounded. Almost in self-defence Ferris uses the revolver, and Husmut Bismar falls dead. Ferris at once makes a run to the residence of Hilda Maxwell, claiming that by doing so he can always prove an alibi, and he calculates that as the murder took place at Latham's rooms, the latter must have been there. He takes the revolver has been left by the dead body.

After an interview with Hilda Ferris is at his own chambers, and here he meets an unexpected visitor, Mrs. Raycroft, a beautiful adventuress. She forces the secret of the murder from him, and then he learns that it was she who had been waiting for him, and had, under the name of "Vashita," betrayed the shakiness of the firm to the Hinduo. She offers Ferris a large sum of money to go with her, and Ferris, whilst declining this, is just assuring her of his continued love, when Hilda Maxwell stands in the doorway and cries, "Please tell this woman that—that I am your wife!"

Hilda faints, and during her period of unconsciousness Myra Raycroft turns up. Ferris demands that she shall purchase her silence, and she declares that the future it is war to the knife between them. Ferris is left alone with Hilda, and she forces some narcotic drug in a liquid form between her teeth, for he has resolved that he will quietly smother her home and afterwards persuade her that the whole scene has been but an ugly dream that she has had.

Latham takes the boat that crosses to France. The night is a stormy one, and as Latham is contemplating a moody-looking stranger, this man makes a sudden leap overboard. To save him is impossible; but, during the confusion caused by his fall, Latham resolves that he will claim the dead man's luggage and let the authorities believe that the man who has cast himself into the freezing water is himself Latham. This change of identities is effected, and Latham goes on to Paris. Buying a newspaper, he is horrified to read an account of the murder at his own chambers, and to learn that he himself is branded as the murderer!

Latham, frightened and horrified, fancies that almost every passer-by recognises him, and that he is a murderer.

He seeks a somewhat humble hotel. In the quiet of his attic he begins to examine the portrait of the man who threw himself overboard from the Channel boat, and which he, Latham, had claimed instead of his own luggage.

Then he finds a letter in a roll of green silk, a shivered human finger upon which is a plain gold wedding-ring.

He reads it, and finds it is a neatly-written document, couched in such terms as only an Oriental could employ, and plainly couched by his friend, Latham, to the person to whom it may have been addressed. Latham's consternation and horror are increased when he finds that the very envelope associated with these gruesome things has plainly marked upon the gummed flap the name of his own late firm—Ferris and Latham, Bedford-row, W.C.

Latham determines to go back to Paris to seek his late partner, and to have a full explanation as to the reported murder.

Although Mrs. Raycroft has received the sum of money which she had named to Ferris as the first instalment of her blackmail, she means to extort from him, she writes to Hilda to return to her, and she is told that she has been substituted between herself and Ferris. Then she writes to Ferris, telling him that she has done this, and when he, in an agony of despair, writes her, she tells him in a hurried letter her home, giving no new address. He is staggered by this blow when he sees a newspaper placard bearing the words "Body lost in the Channel."

## CHAPTER IX.

### The Eternal Triangle.

Not once, but several times, as the cab bore her swiftly towards the address printed in bold, black lettering, almost an eighth of an inch in height, on Myra Raycroft's letter, did Hilda bitterly regret the impulse which had led her to at once seek out the woman and learn the truth. She shrank from the lash of knowledge, as a dog shrinks from the lash of the whip. She had the evidence of her senses that Robert Ferris must have lied to her; the face in the photograph and the face of that too vivid dream were one, there was no doubt of that. Yet

all her love and the instinctive trust of her nature rose up in arms in his defence. She tried to tell herself that the woman of the portrait and the woman of her dream were not identical, and all the while reason, enthroned above her heart, sat and laughed at her for a fool.

Yet she went on; once having put her hand to the plough, she told herself, she would not turn back. In truth, she could not; life might lose its savour and sweetness when she knew the truth; but doubt, uncertainty, is the worm which dieth not.

As the lift shot her up to the third floor of Surrey-mansions, the girl realised, with a sensation which was half fear and half surprise, that she could hear the beating of her own heart. Her breath came hardly, with a sudden, quick grip in her throat, and she knew that when she tried to speak that grip would become a sob. She paused on the landing for a moment, and tried to pull herself together. She must not disgrace her self-respect, her dignity—that hitherto unused dignity—her wifehood, by breaking down. All the traditions of generations of what we call good women rose up hot and fierce in her mind. Why should she fear this unknown creature? Was not right on her side? The garnered resentment of the centuries, of the free woman for the bond, flamed up in her. The free woman. Poor Hilda. Had she not thought of the phrase, how bitterly ironic it would have seemed to her. Already, although she was hardly aware of it, the shackles wherewith she was bound were beginning that chafing which ends in the open wound.

She touched the little electric bell with a trembling finger. It was answered with the promptitude which bespeaks a well-regulated household. The maid admitted her at once, showed her into a room, and left her.

Hilda glanced round with haggard eyes at the beauty and originality of the decorations, the exquisite old furniture, the delicate appointments of the table, already set for luncheon, the rare glass and quaint silver, the few, well-chosen, well-matched flowers. Even about the maid who had taken in her card to her mistress there was an elusive atmosphere which betrayed originality. She was not dressed in the severe black and white of orthodoxy, but in demure, Quaker brown, and the make of her gown recalled that of those exquisite young ladies who move as on ether in the saloons of great shops. Quaker brown ribbons adorned the coquettish cap and tied the spotless collar; nay, emphasised the absurdity of the pocket square, which the apron was down to her knees. Hilda, as she stood quivering in every nerve with distress, the apprehension of what she knew was to come, and more—of the terrible and unknown things from which so slight a veil divided her—noticed these things with a mechanical nicety of skin, eye, and delicate sense, the magnifying glass with which strong emotion invests our minds.

Mrs. Raycroft looked up as the servant entered the morning-room. She was dressed in a long, loose robe of some clinging material, sea-green in colour, which brought out strange tints in her shining hair and accentuated the beauty of her smooth skin, pale and delicate as the magnolia flower.

She looked like a beautiful, maturely slim figure from a Rossetti panel, and the task on which she was engaged seemed almost ludicrously out of the picture; she was sewing. Not strange, exotic embroidery, of glowing colours and wondrous

skin, pale and delicate as the magnolia flower, with the little turquoise-type gold chain, set in the shining needle in and out of the white linen with the utmost dexterity.

"A young lady wishes to see you."

Myra took the card in her slim, white fingers, and looked at it with slightly contracted brow.

"She has not wasted much time," she said to herself. "She has sped on very eager feet, this deceived little wife."

She had hardly expected so rapid and personal an answer to her message. A flicker of annoyance passed over her face; she weighed the card in her hand, as in a balance, debating what action to take, wondering what the attitude of the other woman would be—defiance or tears.

She misjudged the latter. Hilda Maxwell's chin was the chin of determination; there had been more than a hint, too, of the "Stand by, I am

close to the man's verbal stone in the woman she conceived a sinner. Well, if that were so, she should see unrighteousness triumphant and unshakable the great but tree in full leaf.

Myra rose, and went quickly across the room to an oblong mirror set in the silk panelling of the room, and scrutinised her face intently, touching her hair with those deft, mysterious pats, to the lay mind so apparently devastating, which effect such miracles of personal satisfaction. "Pale as sin," she murmured to herself, and rubbed her cheek with her handkerchief. Yet, even as she spoke, she smiled at her reflection in the glass, knowing that she was beautiful, conquering—and, above all, free. Secure, moreover, in that complacency which the knowledge of a substantial addition to your banking account brings, for Robert Ferris, who in the protection of his wife's affection, had further treasured upon her capital for the bribe Myra had demanded.

"I will see the lady," Myra said to the maid; "but help me to clear away these things first."

She gathered up a pile of the Dorcas garments on which she had recoiled, and thrust them hastily under the cushions on the lounge.

"Bring in the spirit tannus, and a syphon of soda before you show Miss Maxwell in," she said as the maid turned to leave the room. The girl looked at her as if not quite certain she had heard aright. The spirit tannus and a syphon of soda were not connected with some irritation.

"Very well set," murmured Mrs. Raycroft as she surveyed her preparations, "the little white mouse will now see how true melodrama is to human life. Enter the bold adventuress, smoking."

She gave a noiseless little laugh, and selecting a cigarette from the silver, cedar-lined case which flanked the tannus, lit it with the precision of long practice.

She was sitting in one of the long, low chairs in an attitude of very graceful abandon, apparently absorbed in the pages of what Browning calls a "French novel" when Hilda entered the room.

For a moment the girl stood hesitating, for, though the maid had announced her with unusual distinctness, the lady of the house remained immersed in her book, and Hilda for the moment saw nothing more personal of the woman than she sought to see.

She waited a moment, then, with a little self-winking restlessly in a froth of lace and silk petticoats. Suddenly the book was flung to the floor, and the woman sprang to her feet.

Hilda felt a little quiver run through her; this indeed was the woman of her dream, the woman of the photograph, the woman, beyond doubt, who loved Robert Ferris.

"I beg your pardon," Myra said, the deep apology in her mellow tones belied by a certain mockery in the long, golden-brown eyes. "I did not see you enter; my book is so interesting."

She laughed a trilling little artificial laugh, and so, she knew, you know what these French books are; we haven't an English word to describe it."

She smiled dazingly at Hilda, and spoke as one might speak to one's bosom friend.

"I hardly know how to explain what has led me to trespass on your time," Hilda began stiffly.

The other woman smiled.

"Is any explanation necessary, Miss Maxwell?" she said. "You have come, I think, to ask me what I meant by sending you my own worthless photograph. Now, won't you sit down—both perhaps, if you like, as you know what these French books are; we haven't an English word to describe it."

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"Is any explanation necessary, Miss Maxwell?" she said. "You have come, I think, to ask me what I meant by sending you my own worthless photograph. Now, won't you sit down—both perhaps, if you like, as you know what these French books are; we haven't an English word to describe it."

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When he told me the story I said to myself, 'Ah, when the time is deep; behind the still waters of her eyes are depths—depths you have not sounded, good man!'

Robert right, as he most generally is, and he doubted he knows a thing or two, does Robert?

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Hilda. Her voice sounded like the voice of a stranger in her own ears; an indeterminate horror loomed before her.

Myra leaned closer to her, as close as the girl had seen her face to that of the man she loved in the dream. "I speak," she said very quietly, "of Robert Ferris, the man you married."

Hilda drew back. "I—I do not discuss my husband with strangers," she said proudly.

Myra gave a harsh little laugh. "Strangers, good Lord! Strangers! Robert Ferris and I are no strangers. We were everything to each other till you came and formed the third side which made that eternal triangle—the one man and the two women."

She looked at Hilda, and in the girl's eyes she saw the living knowledge which had been born from the vague horror of the moment before. There was fear in her eyes, and more than fear—a certain repulsion. The passion of desire for the man who, in old-fashioned phrase, was her own, flamed up fiercely in Hilda's heart, burning away that frail girl's pity which had sprung up on the rock of her heart.

"The man may be your husband by law," by that force you good women cling so tightly to—a religious marriage," she cried, in a tense voice, "but in the sight of God, if He is just, by every law of life and nature, by right—by the chain of woman's love, you are mine, and I do not mean to let him go—I will not let him go!"

She caught at Hilda's hand, and the girl drew away with a faint cry. There are human instincts as unerring as those animal instincts which preserve the browsing cattle from the poisons of the food and hedgerow; one of these animated Hilda at the moment.

The woman noticed the movement; it roused a devil of perversity and jealous anger in her breast. She longed to strike, strike hard, draw those tears of the heart, more bitter and brackish on the palate of the soul than blood.

"You think that because of a few words mumbled before a priest you can create over me?" she cried stridently. "Fool, what are they worth? Can they bind the heart, fetter the imagination, harness affection, so that you can drive it without fear between matrimonial shafts?" She laughed wickedly.

Hilda looked at her.

"I do not in the least understand you," she said, as proudly and as boldly as she could. "What do you mean, and what do you want?"

Even while she spoke she was dreading to see in her mind Robert's story of the woman he had loved, who had stripped him of romance and left him naked to reality. Was this the woman, this creature with the eyes of flame and the passion-charged voice? She shivered, remembering the love which had loved so unthinkingly in her eyes last night when the man's arm had encircled her.

Myra caught her breath with a choking sound. "I want him. I had almost won him back—he was mine till your woman tempted him from me. If you will, you can have him back, to treat that bread and butter is food to tickle the palate of a tired gourmet like Robert? Last night, when you came upon us, did you not hear him deny you, swear—and swear for once truly—that you were nothing, at heart, to him?"

"Then it was true?" said the girl dully.

"True?" Myra laughed harshly. "He deceived me—yet I know he loved me. Has he not for months, years now, been robbing you to deck me with the jewels he loved to see on me? Do you not believe me? Look at this, and this—"

She stood up, and unlocking an old carved bureau, drew out a jewel-case and tumbled its glowing profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds and sapphires, which hinted the unrelaxing delights of soft June nights beneath starless skies.

"Do men give such jewels to their wives, men like Ferris?" she asked, and laughed a defiant negative. "No, but to the women they love, the women whom they want to love, who are the mythical souls, and brains and beauty more than the traditions of eternity."

"You make horrible accusations. Can you not speak openly?" said Hilda in a frozen voice.

Myra swept round.

"You want the whole truth? Ah, well, you shall have it. There are some things which hardly need the telling—hardly hear it; imagination is too quick for it. Robert Ferris and I first met in Heidelberg; he was at the university, I was the daughter of a drunken old tutor there with an English wife. Robert taught me to love him; I learned the lesson well, you see. When his course was finished and he came back to London—well, my home was a little pocket of Hades, and I found I couldn't do without him, so I came, too."

She paused, and looked at Hilda with hard eyes. "You're sure you can rest?" she asked.

The girl inclined her head, she could not speak. Myra stood up, and refilled her glass with soda. "In London—well, in London we kept—"

Hilda started to her feet violently, and held her hands to her ears.

"Don't!" she cried in a choking voice. "Don't! You hurt me."

Now and strange happenings will be dealt with in the instalment of this remarkable and fascinating story to appear to-morrow.



## JELLIES AND JAMS.

EXCELLENT COMESTIBLES FOR THE  
STORE CUPBOARD.

Fruit is very plentiful and cheap in autumn, a fact that should be remembered by the housewife, to whom these tried and trusty recipes will appeal.

### BLACKBERRY JELLY.

INGREDIENTS:—Six pounds of ripe blackberries, three-quarters of a pint of water; to each pint of juice allow three-quarters of a pound of good preserving sugar.

Choose dry, ripe blackberries, look over them very carefully and remove the stalks. Put the

berries in a large preserving pan with the water, and let them cook till they are quite soft. Next strain the fruit through a sieve (a hair one is best, though a wire one will do), and press it well. Rinse out the pan, measure the juice as you put it back in the pan; then add to it good preserving sugar in the given proportions. Let it boil steadily for about three-quarters of an hour, or until a spoonful of it, when put on a plate and allowed to cool, "jellies"—that is to say, sets and gets firm. The jelly should be kept well skimmed while it is being boiled. When it is boiled enough pour it into small dry moulds or jars. When they are cold cover them with parchment paper.

Blackberry and apple jelly may be made by using equal parts of apples and blackberries, but add as well the grated rind and juice of two lemons.

### DAMSON CHEESE.

This is an excellent recipe, and one that is specially recommended.

INGREDIENTS:—Damsons; allow one pound of loaf sugar to each pint of pulp.

Stalk and wash the damsons, and put them into a jar which has a lid. Place the jar in a pan of

the syrup to the boil. Skim it well, and then put in the plums, and cook them gently from twenty-five to forty minutes; skim it well again.

Crack about half the stones, take out the kernels, blanch them, and add them to the jam before it is quite done.

To ascertain when the jam is done, put a little on a plate, and if the syrup soon thickens and "jellies" it is ready. Then pour it into clean, dry jars, and when the jam is cold cover the pots.

### PRESERVED VEGETABLE MARROW.

INGREDIENTS:—Good sound marrows, one pound of loaf sugar to each pound of fruit, either ginger or lemon rind for flavouring.

Peel the marrows and carefully remove the seeds and pulp. Next cut the marrows into neat dice, about an inch square, weigh them and allow sugar in the above proportion.

Put the sugar and marrow into a large basin and leave them to stand overnight.

Next day turn them into a preserving pan and boil till the pieces of marrow are transparent. Add to the sugar, etc., either a little thinly-pared lemon rind or ginger, cut into small pieces. These are

## UNCOMFORTABLE PARTIES.

A progressive tea, late dinner, or supper, is a new form of entertainment that is said to have proved attractive where it has been tried. Invitations are issued, and the party meets at the hostess's residence at the hour named. The guests sit down, and each is served with a course of soup. When it is finished the hostess rises, saying: "This is all I can do for you to-night." The announcement is generally, and not unnaturally, a surprise, but among the visitors uprisers one who says, "Please come to my house; I will give you something more."

The second course is served there, and at its conclusion hostess No. 2 repeats the announcement of hostess No. 1. Hostess No. 3 then introduces herself, and extends an invitation to the guests to visit her house, and by this time the plan is understood, and thereafter wraps are either not removed or are placed conveniently near during the remaining calls at the designated houses. Of course the distances between the various houses must not be great, so neighbours are recommended to co-operate in this form of entertainment.

At the last house the guests are usually invited to indulge in a game of cards, or an informal dance is on the programme.

## THE Berkeley Easy Chair.

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THE FACTORY  
EASY TERMS.

26

Deposit,  
and  
Balance

4-

per month.

Dimensions:—Width of Seat, 27 ins.; Depth of Seat, 25 ins.; Height of Back from Seat, 22 ins.

Price 30/-

2/6 Deposit and balance 4/- Monthly.

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No reduction for cash.

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### WOOD-MILNE HEEL TIP

VERY BEST RUBBER. VERY BEST TIP.  
Attractive in appearance, lasting in wear,  
they save the heel, make walking a pleasure, and  
give you a quick, firm foot. Heel tips to put on,  
and won't come off, in three sizes. Be sure  
Wood-Milne is stamped on every tip.  
REVOLVING HEEL CO., PRESTON.



A Wonderful Remedy  
for Liver Complaint.

## DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

The Best Cure for INDIGESTION,  
WIND, NERVOUS DEPRESSION,  
BILIOUSNESS and LOSS OF APPETITE.

The Safest Family Medicine

The autumn theatre season is a very attractive one and demands attractive toilettes to match. It is quite as correct now to wear a high-necked dress as a low one at the play, and, therefore, specimens of both types are illustrated above. The gown on the left side of the picture is a black net one, mounted upon black tulle and trimmed with ruffles of the same edged with pale blue velvet ribbon; and the one on the right is made of green crepe de Chine, with a chemise and rosettes of ivory-coloured lace, the whole finished by a black satin waistbelt and sleeve bands.

boiling water on the stove, and let the water boil till the fruit is quite tender. Then turn it on to a sieve and rub all through, except the hard skin and the stones. Measure the juice and pulp as you put it into a clean, bright pan, and to each pint of pulp allow 1lb. of loaf sugar. Boil the fruit and sugar together carefully, stirring and skimming it well, till a little of it will set firmly when it is cooled on a plate. It will probably take about half an hour. When it is done pour it into small, dry moulds, or jars, and when they are cold cover them with parchment paper. Damson cheese greatly improves by keeping.

### CRAB-APPLE JELLY.

INGREDIENTS:—Six pounds of crab apples, two quarts of water; allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar to each pint of juice.

Wipe the apples clean, but do not peel or core them. Put the apples and water in a pan, and let them boil gently till they break, but do not let them get in a mash.

Next pass the whole through a jelly-bag or fine tea-cloth, measure it into a clean pan, and add sugar in the given proportions.

Cook it over the fire, keeping it well stirred till a little of it "jellies" when cooled on a plate. Pour it into small jars and cover them when they are cooled.

### PLUM JAM.

INGREDIENTS:—Ten pounds of plums, eight pounds of sugar, a gill of water.

Wipe the plums, and, if possible, divide them and remove the stones.

Put the sugar and water in a preserving pan on the fire, and when the sugar has dissolved bring

merely for flavouring, and the quantity used must depend on individual taste.

No water is required for this preserve.

When stirring it be careful not to mash up the dice of marrow.

It is cooked enough when a little syrup "sets" when cooled on a plate.

This jam should not be allowed to boil fast, or the syrup will crystallise.

A new shade of red is copper, suggesting a blending of red and brown.

Large frosted beads are among the dress and millinery ornaments favoured in Paris.

A sleeve that is a compromise between the incoming leg of mutton and the outgoing bishop sleeve shows the fulness pushed above the elbow, and there arranged in a series of puffs and ruffles.

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The largest bottle is the greatest bargain—it contains more *pro rata* to its price.

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Sample Free on application.

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40/- GENT'S OVERCOAT FOR 13/3

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## THE RUGBY GAME.

### "Mirror" Advice Taken to Heart by Blackheath "Quarters."

#### RICHMOND'S INTERNATIONALS.

A start was made with the season in the metropolitan district on Saturday with the games at Richmond and Wandsworth. Blackheath put a strong side into the field against Rosslyn Park, and, as was to be expected, had not much difficulty in winning.

Last winter Blackheath had a very uncertain and unsatisfactory three-quarter line, but this season matters are very much better with them in that respect. On Saturday they had at three-quarter line, S. F. Cooper, the old international; Watkins Baker, the Bristol man, who has taken part in international matches; C. A. Friday, a promising player; and T. B. Stoney. They made a capital line, and maintained the right formation; consequently their attacks were several times attended with success. There was plenty to which drew attention last week, and there is no need to emphasise it at the present moment. Still, it is both pleasant and novel to see London three-quarters keeping to their proper positions.

A fortnight ago I announced that E. W. Dillon would leave the Harlequins and play for Blackheath. The statement aroused some surprise and incredulity in some quarters, but it is, nevertheless, quite true.

#### Dillon's Prototype.

It is only natural that he should do so, playing as he does for Kent both at cricket and Rugby. He will, of course, be a big loss to the Harlequins, for he is perhaps the best English centre three-quarter at the present time. It is a little curious to recall the fact that a greater three-quarter than Dillon also succeeded from the Harlequins and joined Blackheath. He was A. E. Stoddard, and though the affair happened many years ago I well remember it caused a stir in London Rugby circles.

As far as I am able to learn, Blackheath will, on occasions have the assistance of J. T. Scouler, the Cumberland three-quarter. I understand he is up at Cambridge, but fancy he may have some difficulty in getting his Blue this term. I have only

stained to him once on the occasion of the North's South match at North Shields last December. My impression of him was that he had the makings of a good player, but was lacking in finish.

Richmond should have a good season. Their forwards have generally been good, but the quality of the backs has varied. From the fact that they took part in the practice match on Saturday I take it that W. V. Butcher, the half-back, and A. D. Harvey, the Irish three-quarter, intend playing for Richmond. That will mean Richmond will enjoy at half-back the two men who played in all three games for England last season, and, of course, Harvey must strengthen the three-quarter line.

With regard to the Rugby Union meeting to-day, the chief point of interest will be the appointment of a secretary to succeed Mr. Rowland Hill, who becomes president. I have heard a good many names mentioned, but do not expect any definite decision to be arrived at just now.

The revision proposed by the Rockhill Club in the method of scoring is not likely to be adopted. The present plan strikes the happy medium between the older and modern schools of view on the matter. I do not hold any strong opinion as to the value to be attached to a dropped goal, but I am very much opposed to any reduction in the number of points to be awarded for a penalty goal.

#### TOUCH JUDGE.

#### YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

##### WESTERN LEAGUE.

PORTSMOUTH, 1; MILLWALL, 1.

Delightful weather favoured this match at Fratton Park, Portsmouth, yesterday, and 2,000 spectators attended. The game was a very even one right through, the result being a draw, both sides scoring once. In the first half Portsmouth had to play against a slight breeze, and after some spirited attacks by both teams Maxwell dribbled through and scored for Millwall a century of an hour from the start. Millwall then wards had the best of the game, and at the interval led by a goal to none.

Early in the second period Portsmouth equalised from a scrum from a corner-kick. Millwall played up pluckily and pressed, but were unable to gain another point.

READING, 2; QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS, 2.

An interesting game at Reading yesterday resulted in a draw, both sides scoring 2 goals. The weather was fine, but only just over a thousand people watched the match. Reading opened the scoring through Long, but just afterwards Stewart equalised for the Rangers. Shortly after half-time Higginson placed Reading ahead. The Rangers strove hard to get on equal terms again, and just before the end their efforts were rewarded, Ronaldson scoring.

PLYMOUTH ARGYLE, 4; SOUTHAMPTON, 1.

The Argyle gained a decisive victory over Southampton at Plymouth yesterday by 4 goals to 1. A crowd of about eight thousand people attended, and the weather

left nothing to be desired. Plymouth were McLucie at centre-forward again, after a short absence.

After three minutes Dalrymple scored for the Argyle and nearly took another goal. Soon afterwards Pickett put on two more goals. Just before the interval the home side had the misfortune to lose Robinson, who was compelled to leave the field owing to an injury to his knee.

Defending ten men in the second half, Plymouth were defending nearly the whole of the rest of the game, but Southampton only scored once, Lee getting through.

#### FOOTBALL JOTTINGS.

A. E. Frezer, the Irish Rugby international, has signed on for the Hull Northern Union team.

The Notts County players were this week entertained at Sunrise Farm, Hestonwood, by Mr. Henry Heath, the chairman of the Notts County Football Club.

Burley have strengthened their team by two new men, in the persons of Marshall (of Bolton Wanderers) and R. Smith (Warrington).

As a sequel to the assault on J. H. Smith, the referee in the match between Bailey and Wigan, the former club's ground has been ordered to be closed till October 29.

The Rugby game between Oxford and Cambridge will be played at Queen's Club, West Kensington, on December 13. The Association match is fixed for February 11 at the same place.

Rab. Howell, the international half-back, who had his leg broken while playing for Preston North End twelve months ago, is to receive a benefit match, and the Liverpool F.C. has consented to assist.

## THE CITY.

### Investment Stocks in Favour—Undergrounds Buoyant—American Rails Strong.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday.—Recent pessimism is forgotten, and, with cheaper money expectations and the coming early release of dividends, investment markets are in favour, and there is very little stock about "Cons." was the least said is soonest mended. A little below the best. The Water Companies are distributing the stock under the purchase scheme, the Kent Waterworks Co. is the most active, and the London & South Western (Account) 2, to 88; Irish Land, 1, to 90; Transvaal New 2, to 98; London County Council 1, to 92. *Fall.*—London & North Western 2, to 65.

In the Home Railway market traffic returns were not much liked, but the Scottish takings were satisfactory, and Scottish stocks were good. Preference rose to 2 premium. Great Northern Deferred was put up on traffic hopes for the future, owing to the comparative present with big decreases last year. The Undergrounds continue buoyant, on electrification prospects. The shortage of stock in the Home Railway market is very noticeable indeed, and any public demand will have a marked effect. Lancashire and Yorkshire put up to 100 on the good weekly showing. Dover "A" was sold at the inside. *Rise.*—Canadian Pacific 1, to 105; ditto Def. 1, to 90; Great Northern Def. 1, to 91; Great Western 1, to 138; North Western 1, to 149; Brighton 1, to 181; Metropolitan Consols 1, to 94; Midland Def. 1, to 64; North British Def. 1, to 45; ditto Pref. 1, to 77; *Fall.*—South Eastern Def. 1, to 58.

#### New York Buying.

American Rails were strong. The opening was good on New York advice, except Atchafons which had a poor monthly statement. New York bought most things later, but there was a reaction at the close. Ontario was a feature on dividend talk, and Steels were good. *Rise.*—Denver 1, to 20; Louisville 1, to 128; Missouri 1, to 25; New York Central 1, to 131; Ontario 1, to 91; Pennsylvania 1, to 77; Reading 1, to 34; Southern Def. 1, to 34; ditto Pref. 1, to 57; Union Pacific 1, to 104; Steel Pref. 1, to 103; Denver Pref. 1, to 85; *Rise.*—ditto First Pref. 1, to 69.

Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk were again in good on the harvest news, and the latter were much helped by shortage of stock, and rose strongly, the former being bought for New York. Argentinean Consols were sold, but the Argentine railway and land groups were depressed by a set-back in silver and a small traffic increase, rallying later. *Rise.*—Canadian Pacific 1, to 123; Rosario 1, to 97; Central Uruguay 1, to 63; Grand Trunk 1, to 104; ditto Guar. 1, to 58; ditto First Pref. 1, to 69; ditto Second Pref. 1, to 90; ditto Third Pref. 1, to 41; Mexican Railway 1, to 109; *Fall.*—Mexican Railway First Pref. 1, to 84; ditto Second Pref. 1, to 34.

#### Russian Loan.

In the Foreign market the talk of a £40,000,000 Russian loan on the Continent did not affect prices. Paris advices were cheerful. Spanish and Rio Tinto were firm. Japanese improved on the war news, and the price of loan bonds improved. Peruvians were sold, hoisted by the market gamblers. *Rise.*—Argentine N. Cent. Railway 1, to 56; Brazil 1903 1, to 84; German Trusts 1, to 100; Peruvian Corp. Ord. 1, to 50; ditto Pref. 1, to 30; ditto Mort. Deb. 1, to 50; Turkish 1, to 84; Uruguay 1, to 30; Rio Tinto 1, to 54; *Fall.*—Brazil 1902 1, to 24; ditto 1902 2, to 24; Spanish 1, to 87.

Nitrate products and shares showed some slight slackening to-day, but the Argentine tramway and land groups were prominent. B.A. Belgrano Trams, at 34, and Santa Fe Tramways, at 29, being feature. Trams were buying Gas Light and Docks at 94 and 74 respectively. Hudson's Bays continue to benefit from harvest news. Loans are firm. *Rise.*—Hudson's Bays 1, to 129; Lyons 1, to 65; *Fall.*—Daira Sanieh Def. 1, to 129; National Prov. Bank of England 1, to 50; Metropolitan Electric 1, to 36.

#### Goldfields Depressed.

Kaffirs were a moderately steady market, except for Crown Gold and the Gold Fields which were depressed at first on the new capital talk, though the former company officially denied the truth of the rumours. This caused a temporary rally and "bears" were sold. Street. The Rhodesian group improved, after being sold. In Westralians a "bear" squeeze helped Oroyas to 10, and Peruvians rallied on a good cable.

Chartered B.S.A. 1, to 14; Rhodesia Explorer 1, to 4; East Rand 1, to 1-32; Geduld 1, to 6; Modderfontein 1, to 9; Randfontein 1, to 2-32; Roper's Mines 1, to 10-32; Oroya-Brownhill 1, to 3-8; *Fall.*—Langlaagte 1, to 31; Golden Horsehoe 1, to 31; Great Boulder Prop. 2, to 19, 20.

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**ESSEX.**—A compact Freehold Residence, standing well back from the road, and approached by a carriage drive. The property is situate within easy reach of the railway station, and the coast. The property comprises: 10 good bedrooms, 3 capital attic bedrooms, bathroom, bold entrance hall, leading to conservatory, 3 reception rooms, and cloakroom, servants' hall, and excellent domestic offices. There is a garden, tennis court, and outbuildings. The property is well situated for the property, and a few outbuildings. The grounds, about three-quarters of an acre, are well laid out. *Price £2,550. *Folio 558C.**

**A MOST PERFECT RESIDENCE FOR SALE.** Situate on high ground in a very healthy locality, near Harrow and Wembley, North British Railway, and within easy reach of City and Euston, and within an easy walk of the station. The house is splendidly built, and comprises: 10 good bedrooms, 3 capital attic bedrooms, bathroom, and most convenient offices. Tennis lawn, and garden of about half an acre. The property is well situated for the property, and a few outbuildings. The grounds, about three-quarters of an acre, are well laid out. *Price £4,080.*

**ESSEX.**—Capital Freehold Residential Estate, embracing 44 acres. Situate in a charming position, 25 miles from London, 1 mile from station, and close to the coast. The property comprises: 10 good bedrooms, 3 capital attic bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, lavatory, and good domestic offices. There is also three-storey stable, coachhouse, granary, cowshed, and outbuildings. Extensive well-wooded, well-stocked kitchen and fruit gardens, large lawn, flower beds, and walks. The residence and gardens occupy about two acres, the remainder being in the hands of the tenant. There are also 3 cottages and two roadside plots of land suitable for building purposes. The property is well situated for the property, and a few outbuildings. The grounds, about three-quarters of an acre, are well laid out. *Price £4,600. *Folio 637.**

**ESSEX.**—Charming Freehold Residence, situate close to station, and within easy reach of City and Euston, and within an easy walk of the station. The property comprises: 10 good bedrooms, 3 capital attic bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, lavatory, and good domestic offices. There is also three-storey stable, coachhouse, granary, cowshed, and outbuildings. Extensive well-wooded, well-stocked kitchen and fruit gardens, large lawn, flower beds, and walks. The residence and gardens occupy about two acres, the remainder being in the hands of the tenant. There are also 3 cottages and two roadside plots of land suitable for building purposes. The property is well situated for the property, and a few outbuildings. The grounds, about three-quarters of an acre, are well laid out. *Price £4,600. *Folio 637.**

**GRAVESEND.**—Kent. Price £1,500. Freehold, 21,000 could remain. A fine old-fashioned gentleman's residence, double-fronted, containing 10 large bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, library, very commodious offices, and a large, stable, for two horses, and coachhouse. Good garden front and back. Inconveniently fitted with apparatus. Fine view over the town. Park-like fields in front of the house. *Folio 678.*

**HANTS.**—Bourne-mouth.—Long Leasford Residence, situate close to Bourne-mouth Station, and within easy reach of beach and sea. The accommodation comprises 5 bedrooms, dressing-room, bathroom, fitted with lavatory (h. and c.), large dining and drawing rooms, and usual offices. Well-stocked garden, croquet lawn, etc. All window-blinds, gas-fitting, stove, and two cycle hoses included in the purchase. Lease about 86 years. Ground rent, 45 10s. *Price £275. *Folio 678.**

**SURREY.**—Walton-on-Thames.—A very attractive Detached Freehold Residence, fitted throughout with electric light, and situate within a few minutes' walk of the Railway Station. The Residence contains 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), billiard room, large entrance hall, drawing and dining rooms, and a large garden. *Price £1,800. *Folio 699.**

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